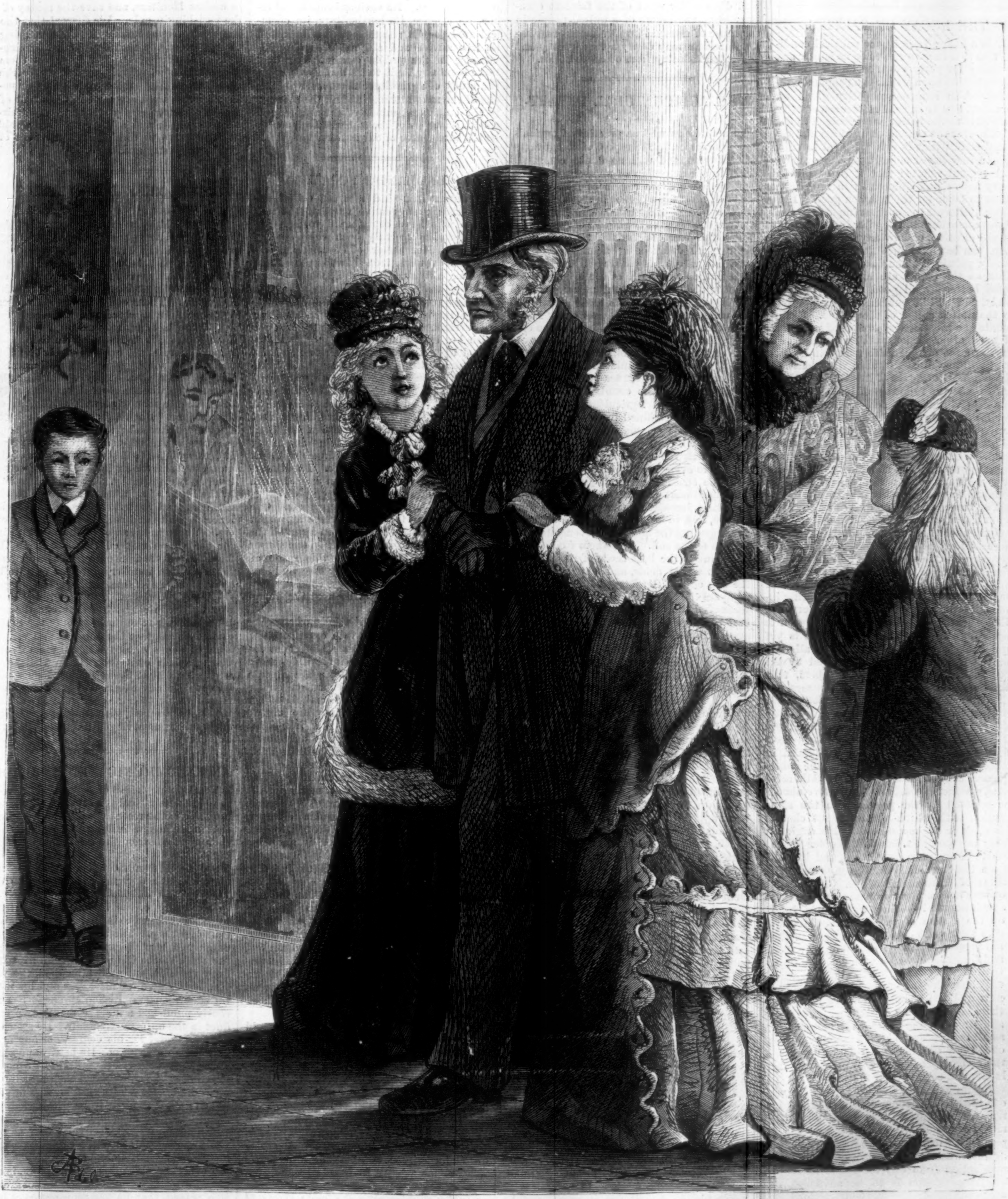
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVII.—No. 855.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



THE SPRING CAMPAIGN—LED AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER.—[Drawn by Jennie Brownscombe.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 17, 1873.

CIRCULATION ABOUT 150,000.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing an installment of "The Parisians," by Lord Lytton; also an intensely interesting illustrated story, and other pictorial and literary attractions.

A finely illustrated Eight-page Supplement will also be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of Harper's Weekly.

THE DECAY OF PARTIES.

It is a happy trait in our political condition that there seems to be no longer any necessity for party violence on any important question upon which the people are divided. The immense majority given for President Grant at the Presidential election showed that the nation was resolved to dismiss forever the notions of disunion and sectional strife; that it was prepared to enter upon a new career of internal improvement and general reform; that it had forgotten party names and differences in the higher effort to labor for the common good. It is, indeed, difficult to see what important principles can arouse the popular interest at any future election, or how any unusual excitement can be maintained upon any questions purely political. The outrages of the Ku-Klux at the South are looked upon with equal horror by all good citizens of every party, and will be punished and suppressed by the united action of the people. So fortunate is our condition, compared with that of most other nations, that no dread of a rival or a foe obliges us to maintain a powerful military force to watch with constant alarm the movements of hostile diplomacy, or to waste the resources of industry in the ceaseless vigilance of self-preservation. A few feeble raids over the Mexican frontier, or the barbarities of the Indian tribes, may be easily restrained with a firm yet humane hand. Whatever territory we covet we may honestly pay for; and should any differences arise with any other nation, we may readily compose them by another arbitration.

Yet there are many questions pressing upon us that are chiefly economical in their nature, and which will naturally excite the highest interest of the purest men of every party. One of these is how to improve the character of our legislative assemblies. While we have no doubt that much of the reproach heaped upon them by opposing interests is in a certain degree undeserved—that the cry of bribery and corruption is sometimes raised maliciously—there is yet proof that our State Legislatures in all parts of the Union are often dishonored by the conduct of many of their members, that Senators and Assemblymen sometimes sell their influence, and that the practice of taking bribes has spread with fatal rapidity. To check this dangerous tendency must now be the aim of the people. It is their fault that improper persons are placed in office, nor can they complain of the consequences of their own neglect. Public servants, whether executive or legislative, should be selected by the people with the same caution with which the merchant chooses his clerk or the manufacturer his engineer. They are too often forced into office by the labors of an interested *caucus*, and imposed upon the community by the impudent violence of corrupt politicians. To prevent bribery in future the people must take these appointments into their own hands, break up the system of party nominations, and give their votes only for such men as they have reason to believe will not deceive them, and they should watch with such active attention the conduct of the officials whom they have chosen to manage the public business and the common treasury as if they themselves were responsible, as they in fact are, for every fault and every omission. A small Legislature is better than a numerous one, a few officials than a large number, if their employers are ready to inspect their labors and correct their faults.

Before the next Legislatures of the various States must come many important economical measures. The load of taxation must be equalized and reduced; the expenditures of every State must be guarded against wastefulness and fraud; quick communication from city to city is to be provided; education is to be advanced and made practical; the indolent, vicious, and unproductive element of society is to be assailed by active reforms; nor, we believe, will any party dare to nominate for the care of these and various other pressing public interests men to whom no one would commit the most insignificant private transaction, or who have no other claim to attention than that which they have won in the political campaign. We believe that in every State may be found a sufficient number of honest and trustworthy legislators to carry on the work of public and private reform, who are able to save the money and yet increase the comfort of the community. We suspect that every one who has not proved himself worthy of trust will be driven from public life. There is no doubt that corruption has spread rapidly through all parties under the disastrous influence of war, speculation, and foreign intrigue; nor, we think, is there any more resolute purpose on the part of the nation than to relieve itself from so fatal a stain. Such considerations in all future elections will override all party prejudice. The passions of factional strife may well die out for want of the faintest occasion. But the labors of a united people in the cause of internal improvements and national reform may easily spread plenty and contented industry from ocean to ocean.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The study as well as practice of agriculture is enforced in the report of the government bureau, and will no doubt commend itself to the attention of all sections of the country. We are a nation of farmers, and we trust must always remain so. Our cities are the product of agriculture, in great part, and are employed as the dépôts of the farmer. When the Western prairies refuse to bear their usual overflowing abundance, when corn and wheat languish upon the field, so close is the dependence of the city upon the country that the Eastern merchants find few buyers for their goods, trade pauses, and the whole system of business every where receives a sudden check. When, on the contrary, the abundant harvests flow Eastward with an unstinted stream, commerce revives, manufactures are stimulated to excess, and the wares of the Eastern sea-ports are rapidly distributed over the country. Hence the usefulness of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington is confined to no single branch of trade, but is common to all, and the intelligence which it gives of the progress of the crops as the season advances is full of interest to every member of the community.

At the small expense of $100,000 a year the department is enabled to give a most important impulse to the practice of agriculture, and to improve the value of farms, by suggesting the latest improvements in the culture of the soil. It gathers from Odessa and Dantzic the best seeds of the Polish or Russian wheat fields, and distributes freely the fine oats of Germany and Scotland. It analyzes the soil of every farm gratuitously whenever the farmer desires it, directs the best mode of cultivation, and suggests the appropriate crops. By the use of superior seed it is estimated that the product of wheat can be nearly doubled—that the 224,000,000 of bushels raised in 1868 can, on the same land, be increased to more than 400,000,000. A similar increase may be looked for in oats; and in these two great staples of production alone the effect of scientific industry must soon be seen in an enormous advance and new avenues of wealth. If we consider that scientific progress is so capable of extending the resources of the nation by its influence upon only two articles of consumption, we shall readily perceive its value when applied to every other product—when it lends its aid to the cotton-grower of the South, the corn fields of the West, or the varied system of garden culture which is spread over every section of the country. One very necessary branch of the department's labors is the assault it is making upon the whole insect tribe that prey upon the chief agricultural interests, and the vigorous war it is waging against these dangerous foes to industry with all the armor of science.

It is probable that in the rapid growth of the country our farmers have too much neglected the care of the soil, and have abused its unbounded fertility. The use of proper fertilizers and of a more economical system of cultivation would have preserved the productiveness of millions of acres that now lie nearly waste, and have brought into use a large share of the land that has always seemed hopelessly barren. Had some means been provided of spreading the waste sewage of the Eastern cities over the lands in their neighborhood, there is scarcely any spot that might not have been made to teem with vegetables and fruits. Judging from the examples of Belgium or Holland, which supply the markets of London with their earliest vegetables, it would not be difficult to cover the sands of Long Island with valuable crops, or to convert all the environs of New York into a fertile garden. It is in the use of fertilizers and in the care and restoration of the soil that we are most deficient. It will be the aim of our engineers in future, no doubt, to provide effective means for saving the sewage of the cities. And our farmers will learn to preserve their land in as good condition as that of the more economical cultivators of Europe.

When, some years ago, the Agricultural Department began first to distribute its small packages of choice seeds, its cuttings of fruit, its strawberry vines and blackberries, to mail its reports and spread its suggestions, it was looked upon too often with doubt and ridicule. But it has already achieved a success that may well make it hereafter one of the most important departments of government. The wheat and oats which it has provided for the Western farmers are already adding to the value of countless acres. Its publications are sought for with eagerness. Its various branches of labor, its science, its horticulture, its chemical analyses, its entomological efforts, and its free advice and aid, are every day advancing in the public esteem. Nor does there seem any limit to its usefulness, since the study of agriculture must always form one of the most attractive of all the sciences to the cultivated minds of the future, and the preservation of the soil will be found to be the sure source of our national progress.

ENGLAND'S FOLLY.

A great iron-clad steamer called the *Devastation*, a suggestive name to the taxpayers who have contributed to her construction, has recently been completed in England. Her armor of enormous thickness, her towers, iron bow, engines, and cannon, have already cost £1,000,000; and as five others of the same dimensions are to be constructed, the English public are naturally interested in the prospect of her achievements. If she can venture to sea with her heavy burdens, the people will be called upon to pay for her sister monsters, and sums that might have brought into cultivation thousands of waste acres, or covered London with lodging-houses for the poor, will be ingulfed in a fleet of iron-clads. A strong suspicion, however, has arisen that the *Devastation* is not sea-worthy, and that, like the unfortunate *Captain*, in some heavy gale the whole vast mass of iron must sink to the bottom of the Atlantic. The discussion as to her merits has been carried on in the House of Lords with lengthy dullness, and is transferred to the newspapers. One would suppose the only effective argument that could be used would be to dispatch the *Devastation* to sea, and test her in the storms of the Bay of Biscay. But this mode of determining the controversy her builders, warned by the fate of the less cautious Captain Cole, have not yet been willing to apply.

We might smile at the folly of wasting such vast sums upon a vain experiment if the cost was not to be extracted from the starving people. But the impossible theory that England can and must still maintain her supremacy over all other nations on the sea is fixed immutably in the minds of her reactionary politicians. They are urging the building of a fleet of new iron-clads. They assert that England has only forty, while France has as many, and all the European governments about forty more. It is even whispered that the Russian iron-clad *Peter the Great* is more than a match for the whole English navy; and the Tory leaders insist that the glory of England is in danger, and the fame of Nelson and Rodney liable at any moment to be eclipsed by a sudden and irretrievable overthrow. Yet there seems scarcely any hope for the unfortunate island except in ruining itself by a ceaseless expenditure, for there is no limit to the productiveness of Russia or Germany in iron-clads; and if the Northern powers are so prolific, it would seem that France, Italy, and Austria, and even impoverished Turkey, must become equally so. Europe is threatened with bankruptcy by its invincible armadas, and apparently the bed of the ocean must ingulf a large part of the wealth of nations.

To avoid this inevitable result, it would be certainly wiser for European governments to enter into engagements with each other to build no more costly iron-clads, even if they may not be willing to convert those they have already into plowshares and pruning-hooks. In the present condition of maritime affairs, when no power can be permitted to rule over the seas, when the ocean has become the common property of all mankind, the necessity of a powerful navy seems wholly to have passed away. If wars arise, they must be determined by mutual slaughter upon the land; they will be decided in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, and be conducted to the crisis by unsparing skill. But the operations on the sea seem wholly useless. The torpedoes and the shallows of Prussia defied the strength of the whole navy of France, nor would an armada of *Devastations* be able to check the career of a single swift-sailing *Alabama*. In any future war the commerce of both belligerents will necessarily be swept from the sea.

In these circumstances there seems no reason for any nation to maintain a larger naval force than is necessary to act as a police for its own marine, to prevent private robbery, or repress the assaults of fierce barbarians. But we may at least suggest that no more *Devastations* be built in the midst of general starvation, and that the "Geneva Arbitration" may afford an example for a general conference of nations on the subject of naval armaments. Nothing would be easier than for the European powers to agree to limit their navies to a certain strength, to stop enormous outlays in useless Monitors, and save the money of the perishing people. We suspect that the English voters at least will have something to suggest at the next Parliamentary election upon this point. We have set them the example of reducing our navy to the condition of little more than a harbor police, because we know that in the event of war it might be easily raised to any desirable strength; and a similar policy would at least serve to diminish the burdens of English industry and trade.

TEXAS REBELS AND TEXAS BONDS.

We are told by an evening paper that the Texas Legislature has refused by a large majority to invite President Grant to visit their State, and the next day passed a resolution requesting Jefferson Davis to do so. The latter, it is said, has accepted the invitation. There could be no more open defiance of the loyal feelings of the country. But Texas is constantly asking aid of the loyal capitalists to keep it from bankruptcy, and there is not one of its rebel legislators who is not begging for the charitable gifts of the nation. They would stab the breast from whence comes their prosperity, and take the money as well as the life of the country. But they can not have both. They must choose between Davis and progress, between rebellion and prosperous peace. If Texas wishes to deserve the favors of the immigrant and the capitalist, it must become loyal and trustworthy. No one will confide in the honor of a State that is ruled by the Ku-Klux, and that threatens death or violence to white and colored Republican voters. There seems an excellent opportunity for the Union men of Texas to drive the friends of Davis from office. Their oppressors are few in number, and need only to be resisted to be disarmed. Let the people show their courage. Let the industrious farmers, the intelligent settlers, and the active merchants take the control of the State, drive into disgrace the indolent and vicious band of rebels who have seized upon it, and manage their own property in their own way. As a loyal State, Texas bonds would be equal to any others, Texas lands would rise to treble their present value, the State would be seamed with railways. Under rebel rule, it must linger in constant poverty and decay.

AN EXCOMMUNICATED CREDITOR.

The unhappy effect of suffering clergymen to hold ecclesiastical property has been made apparent in the recent case of excommunication in Michigan. A Roman Catholic bishop there repulsed from the communion a member of the congregation at Kalamazoo because he had a large claim against the church, and had commenced a suit to enforce it. As the whole church property is in the hands of the bishop, Patrick Bunbury was obliged to bring his action against that dignitary. The bishop at once excommunicated him, because he had "violated the rules of the Church." Bunbury withdrew the suit, but soon after died, the victim, it is stated, of his losses and his mental suffering; and Bishop Borgess has recently published a defense of his own conduct in the unfortunate affair. He seems to have no regret for his course, nor any sympathy with his victim. He betrays no sense of the dishonesty of using Bunbury's money in building the church, and then refusing to repay him. He denies that he was unwilling to permit the suit to be prosecuted, yet admits that he excommunicated the prosecutor for no other cause than that he had ventured to commence it. Bunbury's only offense was "that he had sued a bishop."

In this singular dilemma, therefore, is every creditor of a Roman Catholic congregation placed, that he has no resource at law except bringing his action against his bishop, and that if he does so he is at once excommunicated. Whether all Roman Catholic bishops have as little regard for the civil rights of their people as Bishop Borgess, we do not know; but so long as they insist upon holding in their own hands all the church property of their dioceses we might expect that they would at least submit to all the common duties of the property-holder. They must consent to sue or be sued like any other citizen; and if they threaten with the terrible sentence of excommunication those who attempt to enforce their claims against the Church, they must be looked upon as outlaws who have no sense of their duty as members of the community. In no other country, indeed, could such a case arise as that of Bunbury, because in no other, we believe, are the Roman Catholic bishops permitted to manage or hold the property of the Church. Nor was it the design of the founders of our government that any body of the clergy of any denomination should be endowed with this extraordinary power. In every other sect the temporal affairs of each church are controlled by trustees elected by the people. In the Roman Catholic alone, by a series of injudicious legislation, the bishops have gradually taken into their hands the whole property of the denomination, and have excluded their people from all share in its control. The case of Bunbury shows how wholly unfit are bishops to meddle with temporal affairs; and we trust that the equitable principle laid down by our predecessors, that the clergy should never be suffered to engross the property of their congregations, will be enforced in every State equally against all denominations.

THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

We hope the Legislature will not separate without submitting to the people the amendments to the constitution, or as many of them as may seem necessary and proper to be considered. Many of the new provisions are the results of the experience of later years, and will tend to simplify legislation—a process which can not be too soon begun. One of the best of them is the cutting off of a great part of the business of the Legislature by excluding special legislation; and there are various stringent regulations against bribery and corruption which one might suppose would prevent altogether all dishonorable practices in elections or official conduct. Both of these reforms are excellent and worthy to be adopted. Of the other amendments we may notice that the Senators are to be thirty-two in number, four being chosen from each Senatorial district. The Assemblymen are one hundred and twenty-eight, chosen for one year. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Controller are to be elected for terms of three years. The Governor's salary is raised to $10,000, and he is directed to appoint, with the Senate's consent, his own Secretary of State, Attorney-General, and several other officials who are now elected. It is no doubt better that he should select his own assistants, and should be held accountable for their conduct. The Controller is, very properly, elected, and the finance department kept separate from the executive. The Governor's veto is strengthened by requiring a vote of two-thirds of the whole Legislature to overrule it, instead of the present system; and the extension of his term to three years is at least not objectionable.

A Superintendent of Public Works takes the place of the Canal Commissioner. He is to be appointed by the Governor and Senate, and is to control the canals and public works, subject to the direction of the Legislature. The Legislature is forbidden to sell or lease the canals; the canal debt is to be paid as rapidly as possible; the sinking funds are guarded by new provisions; and we are not forbidden to hope that the time may come when the canals shall be practically free. It will probably be the aim of governments in future to provide free highways for commerce and travel. We have no leisure to notice the various other amendments, all of which deserve careful observation, and which should be discussed at large by the whole people. One useful reform is to permit the Governor to object to single items in a bill without rejecting the whole; another forbids extra compensation or fees to officials. In cities of three hundred thousand inhabitants judicial officers are to be appointed by the Governor, for four years, subject to impeachment and removal.

Article XV., which is new, and may embrace the city of New York in its provisions, deserves to be carefully studied. Owing to the large foreign population that fills our cities, and which is wholly incapable of administering republican institutions, through ignorance or from political or sectarian prejudice, it will probably be necessary for the whole body of the people to retain a certain control over them. Either the section may be laid aside altogther, or some clause inserted permitting the supervision of the Legislature, which is the supreme power, in all cases of excessive taxation or of official misconduct. So gross was the ignorance of a portion of the foreign population of New York, for example, that they elected W. M. Tweed to the Senate long after it was known that he was unfit for any political station. It is evidently not safe to leave the control of cities wholly in the hands of uncultivated strangers. We should be glad, therefore, to see among the amendments one directing compulsory education, and another requiring every voter to be able to read and write.

Possibly it may be well for the Legislature to select a few of the leading amendments from the whole body and submit them to the people. The clauses on special legislation, those on bribery, the alteration in the Governor's powers, and one or two others, seem to deserve immediate attention. Yet we suspect that the State constitution will slowly rise in excellence with the advance of the people, and that its tendency must be to simplify and condense legislation.

PERSONAL.

A more genial, warm-hearted, refined gentleman never lived than John R. Thompson, late an editor of the *Evening Post*, who died in this city on the 30th ult., after a lingering and painful illness. His death brings a keen sense of personal loss to a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom he was endeared by his amiable disposition, courteous manners, and graces of culture. No one ever approached him without being impressed alike by his geniality, his integrity, and his modesty. Exceptionally gifted as a conversationalist, he was never at a loss for a topic, and never failed to invest what he was speaking of with a rare and original interest. His fund of anecdote was almost inexhaustible, and his ability to illustrate any subject by apt quotation no less remarkable. The English poets and essayists seemed to be always at his fingers' ends, and, what is not usual with men of wide miscellaneous studies, he was as accurate as he was various. During an extended residence in England Mr. Thompson became the intimate friend of many of the most distinguished English men of letters; and he continued to enjoy their correspondence after his return to this country.

From a touching tribute to his memory which appeared in the columns of the *Evening Post* we quote a paragraph which speaks of his last hours on earth: "Mr. Thompson died of a pulmonary disease, whose slow and insidious but painful approaches he bore with a fortitude and cheerfulness that we have never seen surpassed. Up to within a few weeks of his death he continued his literary duties, frequented the society of his friends, and enjoyed the passing amusements. Not unaware of the certainty of his fate, he yet seldom gave way to despondency, or lost his interest in the great movements of life. It was because his character and tastes had rendered life agreeable to him in so many ways (despite the dark clouds that war and disease had gathered over it) that he desired to live, and no less because he had properly estimated its ends and issues that he did not fear to die. He went away reluctantly, for he left behind him some that were dependent upon him, and many that loved him well; but he went away peacefully, knowing where he had placed his trust for the future, and that the passage which we who gaze upon it from this side call Death is to those who gaze upon it from the other side the Dawn of a larger and nobler activity."

—England is preparing to do great and hospitable things for the Shah of Persia on his arrival in London. He is to have Buckingham Palace all to himself, which, with the fifteen millions of dollars he is said to have taken from the Persian treasury for spending money, ought to make him quite comfortable. Englishmen who can speak Persian are to be detailed to look after his Shahship, and all the fun of London is to be trotted out for his delectation.

—Dr. Cleland, a writer of some note in Glasgow, relates that a criminal, after attentively listening to the condemned sermon which preceded his execution, turned to a companion and remarked, in Dr. C.'s hearing, "A very good sermon, but rather too personal."

—More benefaction by a lady—Miss Susan Willis, of Charlestown, Massachusetts—who has given $10,000 to Carleton College, Minnesota, to be applied to paying the indebtedness incurred for a new hall just completed.

—Professor Jowett, of Oxford, who, though an Episcopal clergyman, is not regarded as entirely sound, introduced into a sermon preached recently in London some remarks on the Darwinian theory. He thought Mr. Disraeli's famous remark that he was "on the side of the angels" a jest that might be made in an after-dinner speech, but which showed a lack of the scientific spirit. He questioned the partial development theory, believing it to be only partial, and finally maintained that no real antagonism existed between science and Christianity.

—Alexandre Dumas's posthumous treatise on cookery puts to shame all similar works. The learned and ingenious author does not disdain to describe the proper method of dishing up a panther, and discourses at length on the qualities of eagles' flesh.

—Dr. M'Cartee, for twenty-nine years a missionary in China—having acted as surgeon, physician, translator, and preacher, and each with success—is now Professor of Natural History in the Imperial College in Jeddo.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, feeling that his personal body needs rest, and his intellectual parts foreign refreshment, has caused it to be indicated to the people of his propinquity, and, quietly, to the representatives of the decaying monarchies of the other hemisphere, that in a few days, accompanied by Mrs. W. and four little w's, he will appear at the jetty of the Cunard steamers in Jersey City, and in one of the famous punts of that line glide gently eastward. It is his purpose to abandon himself to the lighter amenities of life during his temporary exodus from America; to chat with Gladstone and Disraeli, talk with Thiers, gossip with Castelar, and have it out with Bismarck. He will pervade London for a space, and, under convoy of Edmund Yates and other eminents, will "do" that capital. Ditto with Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. His "strong suit," as they say in Kentucky, will be the Great Exhibition. To that he will mainly bend his intellect, and devote a few reams of foolscap. He is a good man.

—Concerning authors and their peculiarities, Jeremy Bentham is said to have called poetry "misrepresentation in verse." The question was once asked of Mr. Grote whether he thought that Macaulay was pedantic in this, that he, at least in his later works, always tries to avoid ending a sentence with a preposition: for example, if writing in prose, instead of using such a phrase as Shakspeare's "shocks that flesh is heir to," he would probably have spoken of the "shocks to which flesh is heir." Mr. Grote preferred, when possible, to adopt the style of Macaulay. He regarded Buckle's style as "one of the best and freest from the reigning defects." Buckle had many accomplishments; he was a first-rate chess-player, and could play with his back to the board.

—It is said to be the intention of Judge Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury, to soon resign his office to fulfill his arrangement to become a partner in the banking house of John Monroe & Co., of Paris.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway, a frequent contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, tells the following, which he recently overheard at the Adelphi Theatre. The play was *Jack Cade*. First stranger, remarking upon one of the earlier thefts of the hero, says, "He's a fair candidate for Newgate." Second stranger says, "If he went to America he'd be a fair candidate for Congress." Fact.

—Monseigneur Mermillod, the exiled prelate of Geneva, Switzerland, has been made a cardinal. He is reported to have said to a recent interviewer: "My conviction is that Europe is going back along the road of ages, and that we are returning to the wars of religion. The next outbreak will be a religious or a social war. There are now but two currents in Europe."

—Professor Tyndall is as practical in the common ways of life as he is profound in science. He once knew a physician who thought that the real medicine for mankind was agreeable emotions. Pleasant society, art, and the like soothes the nerves, and gives energy to the viscera. This doctor says: "When I am in pleasant company, especially that of ladies, I can eat heartily and safely of dishes which would kill me if I ate them alone." Professor Tyndall admits that he has a good deal of faith in that view, and has found the emotions excited in the presence of the grandeurs of nature to be curative as well as ennobling.

—It is stated in the Cincinnati *Gazette* that a boy ten years of age, a pupil in a Roman Catholic institute at Dayton, Ohio, was beaten by a teacher known as Brother Conrad, knocked down, and his leg broken. He was then ordered to say that he had been hurt while playing ball. The prior of the convent burned several of the boy's brother's letters to his parents telling the true state of the affair. At last, when he was evidently very ill from his injuries, he was sent home. He was still afraid to tell the story of his ill treatment; his parents, who are good Catholics, refrained from inquiry. But the boy is now thought to be dying, and the secrecy of the monastic school of St. Mary's will probably be invaded by the scrutiny of the law.

—The late Dean Alford, whose "life" is soon to appear in London, was a most amiable and accomplished man. In him the love of belles-lettres and the arts was combined with power of application for severer studies rarely found in conjunction with more elegant tastes; and the clergyman who made his appearance as a poet, and has left abundant specimens of his talent as a painter, did not shrink from the successful performance of an immense labor—his critical edition of the Greek New Testament—and was actually engaged in carrying forward a still greater one—a commentary on the Old Testament—at the time of his death.

—Concerning "back pay" money, the Buffalo *Courier* hears that Congressman S. S. Cox has caused a letter to be written directing the return of his "back pay" to the Treasury, and adds, "We shall be both sorry and surprised if the report turns out incorrect." The *Courier* is quite right. Mr. Cox has declined to accept the proffered "boon," and desired good Mr. Spinner to apply his portion of "back pay" to the extinguishment of the public debt. Mr. Cox is feeling glad that the public burdens have been lightened to the amount of the "boon," which is something in these times, when money is worth one-thirty-second per sixty minutes.

—The oldest member of the British Parliament—the Father of the House—is General Forester, member for Wenlock, who has represented that borough continuously since 1828.

—Mademoiselle Prevost-Paradol, daughter of the gentleman who was to have represented France at Washington, but who committed suicide, is about to take the veil.

—General James Shields is the only man (and he a foreigner) who has ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois (with Douglas), and subsequently he represented Minnesota.

—Few of the really great men of the country are more simple in their way of life, or more accessible to gentlemen of the press, than Mr. Caleb Cushing. He is very popular in Washington, and especially friendly and communicative with those who come to him with proper questions. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, gossiping about him, says: "His extensive knowledge of public law and history is at their disposal at proper times. The writer once had a remarkable proof of this courteous trait. When the Franco-Prussian war began there was a deep interest felt as to the manner in which it would affect neutral ships carrying goods that might be deemed contraband of war. Asked by an editor to obtain Mr. Cushing's views, a note was written, to which an immediate response was made, naming an hour, which, when it came, found Mr. Cushing with his books around him. To the writer's great pleasure, Mr. Cushing had been examining the history of the Treaty of Paris, and for the next two hours he was the delighted listener at one of the most lucid and comprehensively popular statements of the diplomacy of the last fifteen years on this controversy of 'neutral goods in neutral bottoms.' It was interspersed with keen and incisive statements of political men and affairs in Europe. No man is more respected here than Caleb Cushing, and his wide acquirements blend harmoniously with his rare social qualities."

—The Athens *Northeast Georgian* announced the murder of General Canby and the Peace Commissioners in the following thrilling headlines:

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.
CAPTAIN JACK AND WARRIORS REVENGE THE
SOUTH BY MURDERING GENERAL CANBY,
ONE OF HER GREATEST OPPRESSORS,
AND THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS—
KEEP THE BALL IN MOTION.
Three Cheers for the Gallant Modocs.

—An American interviewer recently tracked a gentleman to Curzon Street, London, who had called on Mr. Disraeli at the private hotel where he resides. The interviewer said he should like to question "his lordship" with regard to that meeting with the ex-Premier. "By all means," replied the obliging gentleman. "Our interview was concerning the character of a coachman!"

—The last work of the late Emperor Napoleon, which occupied him till a few days before his death, was the invention of an economic stove for the working classes.

—A Mr. Ward, writing from New York to a London paper, says that he never beheld such lavishness in woman's attire—street attire—as there is in this city. "I have not," he says, "seen a shabbily dressed woman since my arrival. Knowing the grand totals which are made up of small items of long seal-skin jackets and finest silks, I may say the average cost of a lady's dress here is not less than £60."

—Colonel Drake, the first man who "struck oil," is living at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, poor in body, poor in purse.

—Neal Dow is now in England, perambulating the realm and doing his very best for the cause of temperance. He was always a good Dow; never a rowdy-dow.

—The Marchioness De Boissy has left a fortune of about $150,000 a year. She was the author of *Les Idées Religieuses de Lord Byron*, and authoress of other ideas of Lord Byron not quite religious.

—Count Edmund Szechenyi, president of the United Fire Brigades of the Hungarian states, has written to St. Louis, asking the chief of the Fire Department to interchange photographs of buildings, engines, ladders, and printed reports, with permission to copy the same in the German and Hungarian press.

—Ex-Minister Motley continues to reside in Holland, constantly devoted to historical pursuits.

—Professor Waterhouse Hawkins has done people of modern times a kindness by solving that matter about Jonah. In a recent lecture at Boston he made a drawing of a whale twenty-six feet long, and demonstrated to his audience on the blackboard the probable position of Jonah in the whale, as recorded in Scripture. To quote from the Boston *Advertiser*: "The miracle became no longer a trial of faith to the skeptical, but a *fact* as shown by the lecturer, who described the mouth of an ordinary whale as a covered boat, large enough to accommodate, if necessary, more than nine Jonahs, roofed with pliant whalebone, floored by the soft tongue of the whale, supplied by a constant stream of fresh air (the creature, as is well known, rising every ten or fifteen minutes to the surface of the water), and Jonah fed by the small oyster-like 'clio,' the food of the whale, which, freed from the ejected water, were strewn in abundance around his couch."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Seven persons lost their lives by the burning of a dépôt at the crossing of the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago and Lake Shore railroads on the 26th ult.

The New York State Legislature is finishing up its work of the session. Governor Dix has signed the new city charter. The Senate has decided that either lager-beer or cider may be sold or given away without violating the law. The Red-Book will not be published this year, thus saving the State nearly $200,000. A bill supplementary to the New York charter has passed both Houses. The bill annexing Morrisania, West Farms, and Kingsbridge to this city has passed the Senate. The Usury bill has been recommitted in the Assembly to be limited to a two years' effect.

George Davis, of Baltimore, was arrested on the 29th ult. for a murder committed nine years ago.

The national debt was decreased by $2,247,485 60 during the past month.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The great International Exhibition at Vienna was formally opened on the 1st inst., with imposing ceremonies, by his Imperial Highness the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Many distinguished persons from all parts of the world were present, and thousands thronged the great buildings throughout the day.

The visit of the German Emperor to St. Petersburg is said to be in confirmation of the peace policy agreed upon by the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has voted $450,000 for an arsenal at Taranto, despite the opposition of the Minister of Finance. The ministry has accordingly resigned.

The first steamer bearing the Japanese flag arrived at Bermuda on the 30th ult.

The bill regulating and controlling the clergy has passed both Houses of the Prussian Diet, and will doubtless soon become a law.

The election to fill vacancies in the French Assembly, held on the 27th ult., resulted in the choice of three radicals, four republicans, and one legitimist.

The republicans of Lisbon, in Spain, have formed a political club.

Don Carlos's chamberlain has been arrested at Geneva. He had started for Spain with a howitzer packed as baggage.

Mr. Gladstone proposed in the British House of Commons, on the 29th ult., that the government purchase the Irish railways.

The emigrants are still flocking hither in great numbers. Ten thousand of them left Liverpool recently for the United States, and a large party of Londoners followed them.

The Lancashire railway carriage works were burned recently, involving a loss of nearly $500,000.

The Women's Disabilities bill was rejected in the British House of Commons, on the 30th ult., by a vote of 222 to 155.

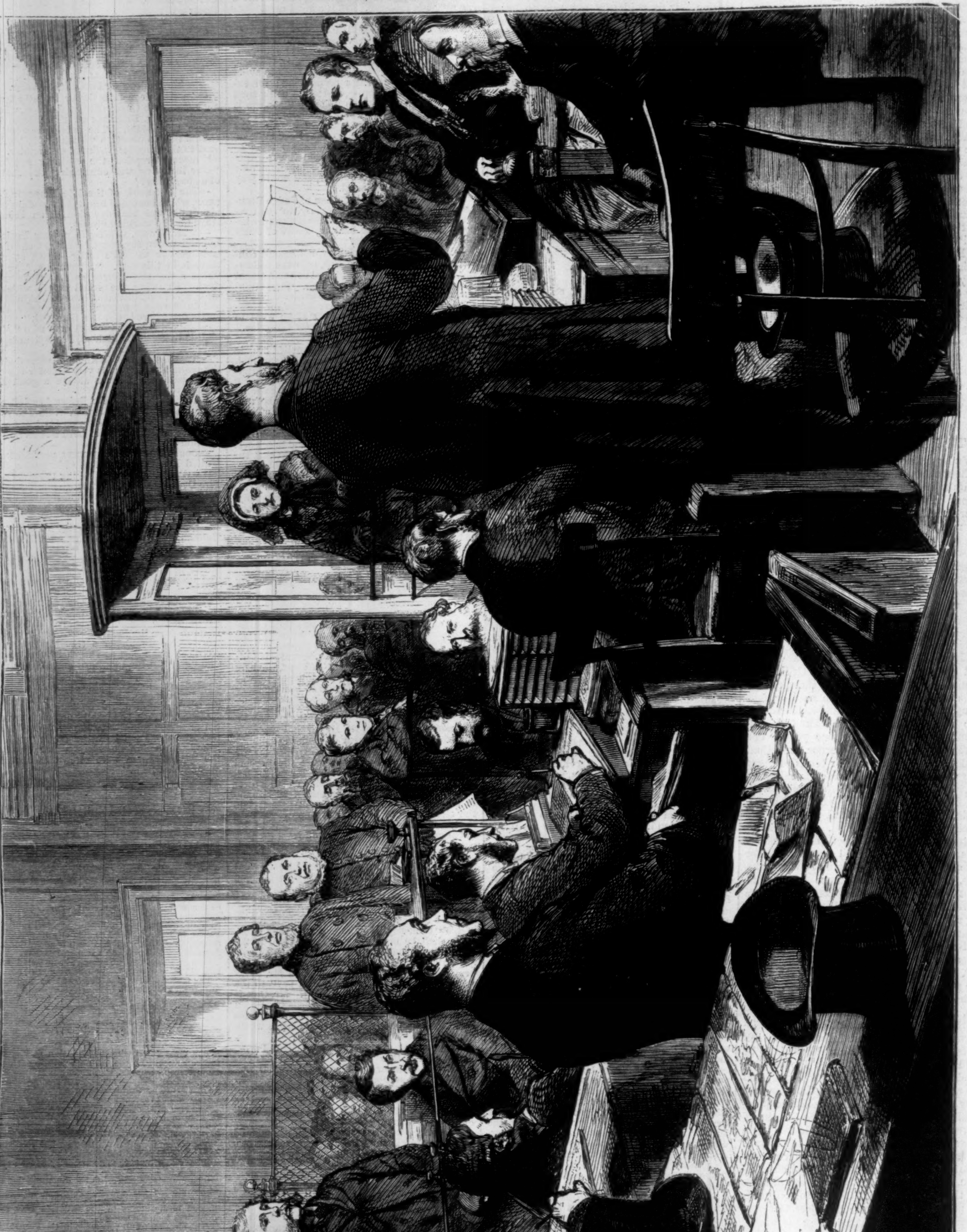
William Charles Macready, the English actor, died on the 29th ult., at the age of eighty years.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERIES.

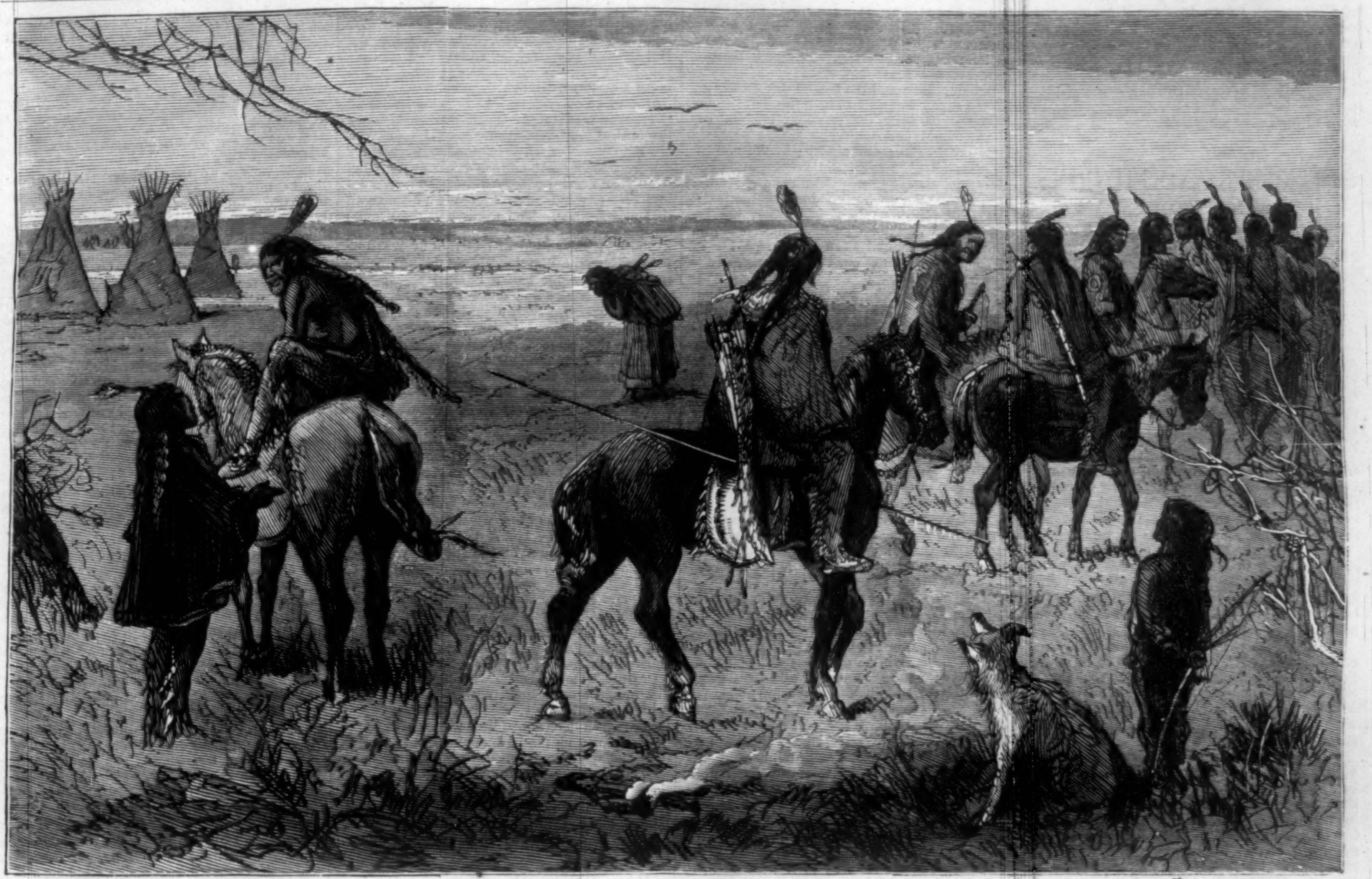
Immense excitement was caused in Europe and America some weeks ago by the announcement that the Bank of England, familiarly known as "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," had been cheated, by means of forged bills, out of a sum amounting to about $500,000. This gigantic feat of villainy is alleged to have been perpetrated by a company of adroit swindlers from this side of the Atlantic. Their schemes needed skill, time, and capital, and were matured with great care. One man, who professed to have gone to England for the purpose of introducing Pullman's sleeping-cars, opened a banking account, others assisted in making away with the proceeds, and others in concocting the bills which were to be palmed off on the Bank of England. In order to avoid identification, it was arranged that the actual forgers should not make their appearance at any of the banks, and operations were commenced by the opening of an ordinary account at the West End branch of the Bank of England, in Burlington Gardens—an enterprise merely requiring the deposit of a respectable cash balance, the funds for which had, of course, been provided beforehand. After for a while drawing out and putting in money like any other customer, the depositor presented some bills for discount, but took care that for some time, so that he might gain a trustworthy reputation, they should be good and genuine bills.

At last the time came for presenting the forged bills. They were most skillfully prepared, the peculiar paper, the water-marks, the handwriting of various signatures, being all admirably imitated; and the forgers would probably have all been out of harm's way when the bills fell due three months later had not the rascals, blundering and careless, like all rogues, in the midst of their cleverness, omitted to insert the date of acceptance in two bills. Inquiry was made of the firm who purported to have accepted them, the forgery was discovered, Noyes was arrested on the 1st of March at the Continental Bank, George Bidwell was captured in Edinburgh, while two other members of the firm, George Macdonnell and Austin Bidwell, were arrested, the first in New York, the other in Havana.

The sketch on this page represents the examination of the two former prisoners at the Mansion-House on the 10th ult. Bidwell is sitting down, being allowed to do so, as he got hurt while trying to escape; while the lady in the witness-box is Mrs. Anne Thomas, with whom Bidwell lodged, and on his departure pronounced "her rooms clean and neat, and her cooking superb."



THE BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERIES—BIDWELL'S EXAMINATION.

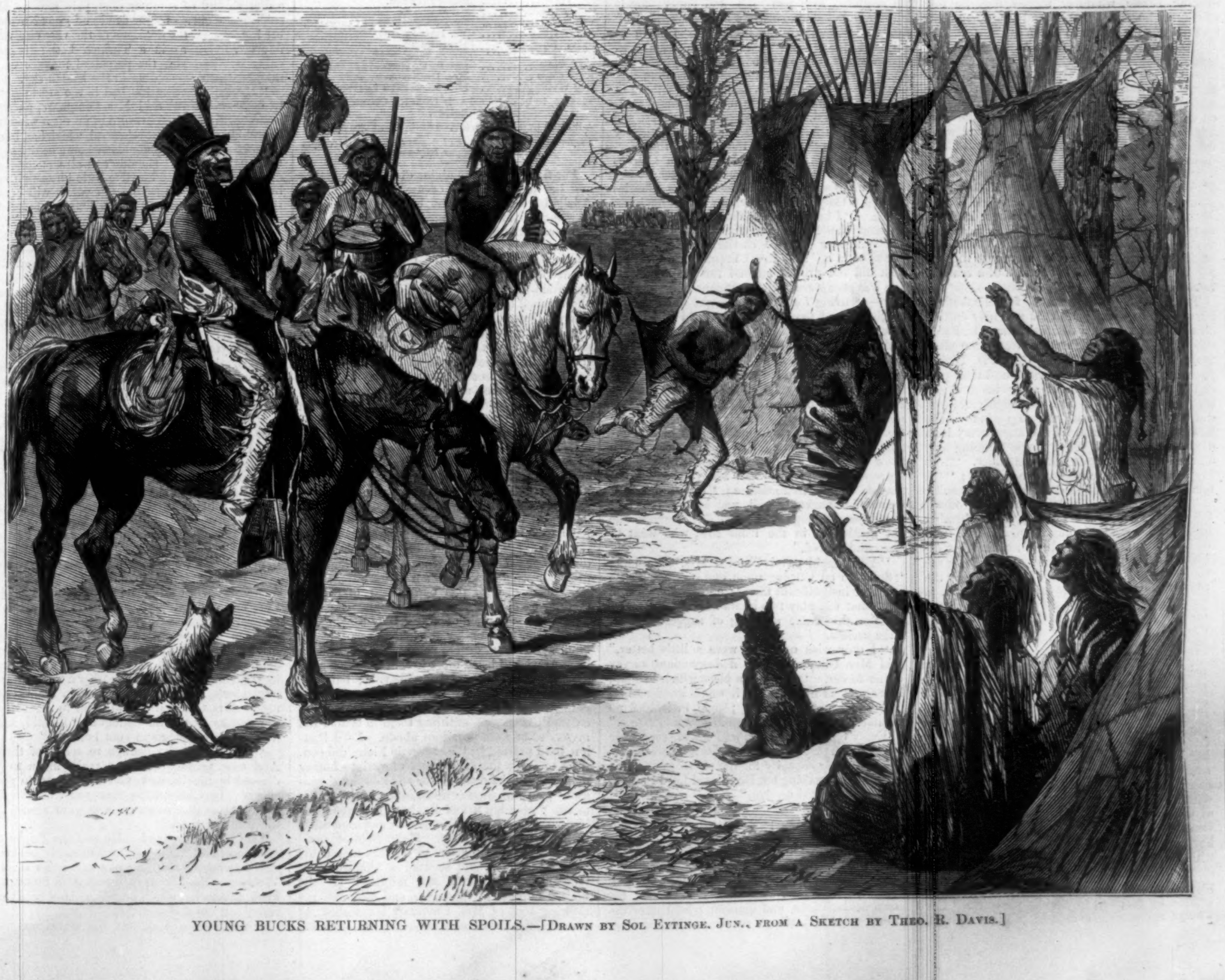


YOUNG BUCKS ON THE WAR-PATH.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun., from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

YOUNG BUCKS ON THE WAR-PATH.

The numerous gifts bestowed upon chiefs who assemble for a peace talk with the whites fill the hearts of the "young bucks" with envious longing for a share of the good things which seem to fall into any hands save theirs. Generosity on the part of a white man is misinterpreted as timidity —a cowardly desire to buy a safety which he dare not fight for.

The old chiefs find it impossible to restrain the young men, and off goes a war party—few in number, it is true, but sufficiently strong to effect the complete surprise of a small wagon train which has been taken from safe corral in the vicinity of a government post and strung out on the road, the men careless of danger, as they have been told that since the peace talk none existed. The next that is known is that the "outfit" is cleaned out. The red-skins, having burn-



YOUNG BUCKS RETURNING WITH SPOILS.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun., from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

ed the wagons, return to the village enriched with stock, plunder, and scalps. They meet with a hearty welcome, and like all thieves, give away their booty with a lavish hand. The squaws rejoice, and the young bucks who did not go out are determined to be of the next party, and secure for themselves the riches and glory which seem of such easy attainment.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

After that day at Epsom Mrs. Cinqmars made no party to which she did not invite her dearest Miss Luttrell. She was eager for the society of her dearest Mrs. Chevenix at all her dinners and afternoons; but there were picnics and water-parties which might be too fatiguing for that dearest friend, on which occasions she begged to be intrusted with the care of her sweet Miss Luttrell—a privilege the matron was not slow to accord. Dinners and dances in Tyburnia were declined with ruthlessness in favor of Mrs. Cinqmars—ay, even a dinner in Eaton Square, at the abode of a millionaire baronet in the iron trade.

"Upon my word, auntie, I don't care about going so much to Mrs. Cinqmars's," Elizabeth remonstrated. "I certainly do enjoy myself more at her parties than any where else, but I hardly think Malcolm would like me to spend so much time in that kind of society."

"You had better send a statement of all your engagements to Mr. Forde, and allow him to direct your movements," replied Mrs. Chevenix; and mingled feelings, the fear of ridicule, and her own inclination, which drew her strongly toward Henley and Virginia Water, kept Elizabeth silent.

Mr. Forde's remonstrances about the length of her visit had abated of late, for the curate had been summoned to Scotland to attend the sick-bed of one of his few remaining kindred, his father's only brother, an old man to whom he was warmly attached. His letters came now from the North, and were only brief records of sufferings from which there seemed no hope of other relief than death. He had no time to write at length to his betrothed, and no spirits for letter-writing. "I don't want to sadden you, dearest," he wrote, "and therefore make my letters of the briefest, for my mind is full of our patient, and the quiet fortitude with which he endures this protracted trial, too full even for those happy thoughts of the future which have brightened my life of late. But I do look forward to our meeting, Lizzie, whatever sorrow may lie between this hour and that. And I hope to hear speedily of your return to the West."

"Do you know if this uncle is likely to leave him any money?" Mrs. Chevenix inquired, with a languid interest, when she was informed of Mr. Forde's movements. A few hundreds a year could make little difference in that poverty-stricken career which Elizabeth had chosen for herself. It would be but as a grain of sand when weighed against a viscount's coronet, and half a dozen estates.

"I believe Malcolm will be richer, auntie. There is a small estate in Scotland that must come to him."

"A small estate in Scotland, where land lets at ten shillings an acre, I suppose. Or perhaps it is all waste, mere sand and heather. But what does it matter? You have chosen to go through life a pauper. It is only a question of a crust of bread more or less."

There was hardly a necessity for Elizabeth to hurry back to Hawleigh, to the untimely cutting off of all these summer delights, when Mr. Forde was away. She thought how dreary the place would seem without him. Gertrude, Diana, Blanche, with their stock phrases and their perennial commonplaces, and their insignificant scraps of gossip about the Hawleigh gentility; the dull old high street; the shop windows she had looked at so often, till she knew every item of the merchandise. She thought of going over all the old ground again with a shudder. "Life in a convent would be gayer," she thought; "the nuns could not *all* be Gertrudes and Dianas."

So she wrote a dutiful letter to her betrothed, full of sympathy with his sorrow, and informing him that she was beginning to grow a little tired of London, and would go back to the West directly she heard of his return. "Don't ask me to go any sooner, Malcolm," she said; "the place would seem horrible to me without you. I want your face to be the first to welcome me home. I think sometimes of the days when we shall have our own home, and I shall stand at the gate watching for you."

The Derby-day was a thing of the remote past, and Henley regatta was over, before Elizabeth received notice of Mr. Forde's return. She had seen Lord Paulyn almost daily during the interval, and his friendship had never wavered. He was still her devoted slave, still patient under her scornful speeches, still eager to gratify her smallest caprice, still a kind of barrier between her and all other worship. Serene in the consciousness of having done her duty, of having, with a fortitude unknown to the common order of womankind, rejected all the advantages of wealth and rank, she saw no peril to herself or her admirer in that frivolous kind of intimacy which she permitted to him. It was an understood thing that she was to be another man's wife—that the end of the season was to be her everlasting farewell to worldly pleasures. Lord Paulyn appeared to accept his position with gentleman-like resignation. He would even speak of his happier rival sometimes with but little bitterness, with a good-humored contempt, as of an inferior order of being. Elizabeth thought he was cured.

Henley regatta and the longest day were over, but the summer was yet in its prime—the nights knew not darkness, only a starry twilight betwixt sundown and sunrise.

"How tired the sun must be by the end of the season," said Elizabeth, "keeping such late hours, and always glaring down upon races and regattas, and flower-shows and garden-parties!"

"Don't pity him: he's such a lazy beggar, and so fond of skulking behind the clouds on rainy days," answered Lord Paulyn. "I wish we could shuffle out of our engagements as easily as he shirks his."

Mrs. Cinqmars, who was never happy without some grand event in preparation, had hardly given herself time to breathe after her water-party at Henley—a luncheon for five-and-twenty people on board a gilded barge, towed up the river from Maidenhead—when she was up to her eyes in the arrangement of private theatricals for the 10th of July—a festivity which was to mark the close of her hospitalities.

"We start for Hombourg on the 12th," she said, with a sigh; "and as I've been going up like a rocket all the season, I don't want to come down like a stick at the last. So, you see, our theatricals must be a success, Lord Paulyn. It's not to be a common drawing-room business, you know, but a regular affair, for the benefit of the Asylum for the Widows of Indigent Stock-Brokers. Tickets a guinea each. A few reserved fauteuils at two guineas."

"Do you mean to say you're going to let a herd of strangers into your house?" inquired the Viscount, with amazement. "Why, you'll have the swell-mob after your plate!"

"The tickets will be only disposed of by our friends, you obtuse creature," said Mrs. Cinqmars; "but it's not half so much fun acting before a lot of people you see every day as doing it in real earnest for a benevolent purpose. I shall expect you to sell something like fifty pounds' worth of tickets, and to bring all the heavy swells you can scrape together. I want the affair to be really brilliant. But that is not the point we have to discuss to-day. Before we can print our programmes, or stir a step in the business, we must definitively settle our pieces, and cast them."

This speech was uttered in a friendly little gathering beneath the umbrage of perfumed limes, the river flashing in the foreground, a few of Mrs. Cinqmars's dearest friends, of both sexes—the Viscount, Major Bolding, a young man in the War-office, with a tenor voice and light hair parted in the middle, the young lady with raven ringlets, a fair and dumpy young person, whose husband was in America, and Elizabeth Luttrell—seated in friendly conclave round a rustic table scattered with pens, ink, and paper; for it is quite impossible to achieve an arrangement of this kind without an immense waste of penmanship and letter-paper. There was the usual confusion of tongues, every body thinking he or she knew more about private theatricals than any one else—Major Bolding, because the fellows in his regiment had once got up something at Aldershott; the dumpy young person, because she had acted charades with her sisters in the nursery when she was "a mite;" the tenor in the War-office, because his father had known Charles Mathews the elder; the contralto, because she had gone to school with a niece of Mrs. Charles Kean's. Only Elizabeth acknowledged her ignorance. "I know nothing about plays," she said, "except that I dote upon them."

"Whatever play we choose, Lizzie, I mean you to be in it," said Mrs. Cinqmars; and Elizabeth did not protest against the arrangement. She was enraptured at the thought of acting in a play—of living for one brief night the dazzling magical life of that fairy stage-world which was so new to her.

About a hundred plays were suggested, briefly discussed, and rejected. Mrs. Cinqmars seemed to know every dramatic work that had been written. Every one, except Elizabeth and Mr. Cinqmars, had his or her one idea, by which he or she stuck resolutely. Lord Paulyn voted for *Box and Cox*, and could not be persuaded to extend his ideas beyond that masterpiece. The tenor proposed *To Oblige Benson*, because he knew some people who had acted it last Christmas down in Hertfordshire; "and I'm told it went off remarkably well, you know," he said; "and people laughed a good deal, except one old gentleman in the front row, who went to sleep and snored."

"You stupid people!" cried Mrs. Cinqmars; "don't go on harping upon one string. Those are mere insignificant farces; and I want a grand piece that will play two hours and a half."

After this came a string of suggestions, all alike useless.

"I only wish our men were a little better," said Mrs. Cinqmars, with a despondent survey of her forces. "There is a piece which I should like above all others; but it wants good acting. There are not too many people in it, and no troublesome scenery. I mean *Masks and Faces.*"

Every one knew *Masks and Faces*, every one admired the play; but the gentlemen were doubtful as to their capacity for the characters.

"I'll play nothing but Box," said Lord Paulyn. "I think I could do that."

"I don't mind what I do, as long as it's something to make the people laugh," said Major Bolding.

"Then you'd better try tragedy," suggested Mr. Hartley, the tenor.

"They're playing the piece at the Adelphi, Lizzie," said Mrs. Cinqmars, intent upon her own deliberations, and ignoring trivial interruptions. "We'll all go to see it this evening. You shall play Peg Woffington. Major Bolding will do pretty well for Vane. Oh yes, you must do it; I'll coach you. Cinqmars and Mr. Hartley can play Triplet and Colley Cibber; you, Flory"—to the dumpy young person—"will make a capital Kitty Clive; and you, Lord Paulyn, must be our villain. I can get a couple of newspaper men to play Snarl and Soaper, the two critics. No remonstrances. I know you are all sticks; but we all know what great things can be done by a bundle of sticks. You'll all learn your words perfectly without an hour's delay. Never mind the acting. We'll arrange all that at rehearsal. The words and the dresses are the two great points. You must all look as if you had walked out of a picture by Ward or Frith. You'll call at the Adelphi this afternoon, major, and engage half a dozen stalls for the rest of the week; and mind, I shall expect to see them occupied every night before the curtain goes up."

After this came a great deal of discussion. Major Bolding declared his incapacity for domestic drama; Lord Paulyn insisted that he could soar no higher than Box.

"I don't think I should break down in that business with the mutton-chop and rasher; and if I had plaid trowsers with big checks and a red wig, I think I might make them laugh a little," he said; "but my attempting a stage villain is too absurd. Why, I should have to scowl, shouldn't I, and cork my eyebrows, and drag one foot behind the other when I walked?"

"Nothing of the kind. It is a light-comedy villain; only a slight modification of your own haw-haw style. You have only to see the piece acted half a dozen times or so. You shall have a wig and costume that will almost play the part for you."

Lord Paulyn groaned aloud. "Sit in a stiflin' hot theatre six nights runnin' to see the same fellers in the same play!" he remonstrated.

"Only a small sacrifice to dramatic art and the indigent stock-brokers' widows," said Mrs. Cinqmars, soothingly.

She was a determined little woman; and once having taken up the business, carried it through with unflagging energy.

The programmes were printed forthwith, on lace-bordered paper of palest rose-color and mauve, perfumed to distraction by the arts of Rimmel.

Drawing-room Performance

At the Rancho, Fulham (the River-side Villa of H. du C. de Cinqmars, Esq.),

for the

BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS OF INDIGENT STOCK-BROKERS

(*Members of the House alone eligible*).

MASKS AND FACES.

A Comedy. By Charles Reade *and* Tom Taylor.

Sir Charles Pomander	Lord Paulyn.
Mr. Vane............	Major Bolding.
Colley Cibber	Mr. Hartley.
Triplet..............	Mr. Du Chatelet de Cinqmars.
James Quin	Mr. Beaumont.
Snarl } *Critics*.....	Mr. Slasher.
Soaper }	Mr. Slater.
Mrs. Vane...........	Mrs. Du Chatelet de Cinqmars.
Kate Clive	Mrs. Desborough.
Peg Woffington	Miss Elizabeth Luttrell.

Tickets, to be obtained only from the Committee, one guinea.

A limited number of reserved fauteuils at two guineas.

Performance to commence at nine precisely. Carriages may be ordered for half past eleven.

For five consecutive nights did Mrs. Cinqmars and her devoted slaves occupy the stalls of the Adelphi, gazing upon and listening to the performance of Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and other accomplished masters of the dramatic art. The blood in the veins of the gallant major ran cold as the fast-congealing water-drops of an Alpine stream among the frozen mountain-tops when he watched the movements and listened to the words of Mr. Vane, and considered that he, after his feeble fashion, must needs reflect the image of that skillful actor who sustained the part. But by diligent perusal of the comedy in the solitude of their own apartments, and by force of seeing the play five times running, and being urged to attention and interest by the energetic little stage-manageress who sat between them, the major on the one side and the Viscount on the other, did ultimately arrive at some idea of what they were expected to do; and when the first rehearsal took place at the Rancho, after the completion of these nightly studies, Mrs. Cinqmars pronounced herself very well satisfied with her company. She had beaten up recruits here and there in the mean time, and had filled her programme. The tickets had been selling furiously. Almost every one had heard of the Rancho; and aspiring middle-class people who did not know Mrs. Cinqmars were glad of this opportunity of placing themselves upon a level with people who did. There was no rush of those lofty personages whom Mrs. Cinqmars had spoken of as "heavy swells." A good deal of solicitation would have been needed to bring these to share the free-and-easy hospitalities of the river-side villa; but society on the lower ranges parted freely with their guineas for gilt-edged tickets of delicate rose-colored pasteboard, entitling them to behold the mysteries of that notorious abode. Lord Paulyn, hard pressed by the energetic Flora, did contrive to enlist the sympathies of various horsey noblemen in the cause of the stock-brokers' widows—men who were curious, in their own words, to see "how big a fool Paulyn would make of himself"—but stately dowagers or patrician beauties he could gather none. Major Bolding, however, beat up the quarters of wealthy merchants and ship-owners, and secured a handsome attendance of diamonds and millinery for the limited number of fauteuils; and although the aspiring soul of Mrs. Cinqmars languished for a more aristocratic assembly, she was tolerably contented with the idea of a gathering which would fill her spacious room, and in outward show would equal the best.

"If one has not what one loves, one must love what one has," said the little woman, flinging back her flowing raven locks with a sigh of resignation. "We've sold all the tickets, and that's a grand point, and we shall have at least a hundred pounds for the widows—odious snuffy old creatures, I dare say, and not worth half the trouble we are taking for them! A thousand thanks, major, for your exertions in Tyburnia, and to you, Lord Paulyn, for your labors at Tattersall's. I really think we shall make a success. Miss Luttrell is a magnificent Woffington."

"Egad, she'd be magnificent in any thing," said the Viscount, rapturously. "I always think, if there ever was such a person as Helen, she must have been like Elizabeth Luttrell. She's such an out-and-out beauty. Don't you know in Homer, when she came out on the ramparts where the old men were sitting, though I dare say they had been abusing her like old boots before she showed up, the moment they saw her they knocked under, and thought a ten years' war was hardly too much to have paid for the privilege of looking at her. Elizabeth is just that kind of woman. It's no matter how she carries on, a man must adore her."

"I say ditto to Mr. Burke," said the major.

"It's a pity she should marry a country parson, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Cinqmars, who had been made acquainted with Elizabeth's engagement by the damsel herself in a moment of confidence.

"Fifty to one against that marriage ever coming off," said the major; "a pretty girl always begins with a detrimental, just to get her hand in. I dare say those Gunning sisters in King George's time were engaged to some needy beggars before they came up to London and took the town by storm. I can't fancy Miss Luttrell settling down to the goody-goody kind of life, with a sanctimonious fellow in a white choker."

"No, by Jove!" cried Lord Paulyn; "I can fancy any thing sooner than that. But she's just the sort of girl to do any thing, however preposterous, if she once set her mind upon it."

This was a fragment of confidential talk in Mrs. Cinqmars's boudoir, which at this period was littered with court swords, three-cornered hats, flowing periwigs, and other such paraphernalia. The important night came at last, in an interval of tropical weather, the thermometer at eighty-six in the shade, all the greensward in the parks burned to a dismal tawny hue, arid as a simoom-blasted desert. Heavy, insupportable weather, at which Anglo-Indians and other travelers in distant climes, from China to Peru, grumbled sorely, declaring that they had encountered nothing so oppressive as this sultry English heat in Bengal or Japan, or Lima or Honolulu, as the case might be. A damp, penetrating heat, as of a gigantic hot-house. London and her wide-spreading suburbs wrapped in a dim shroud of summer mist, pale and impalpable as the ghost of some dead-and-gone November fog, and all the denizens of the vast city visibly dissolving, as in a Turkish bath: threatening weather, with the perpetual menace of a thunder-storm impending in the leaden sky.

"It will be rather too bad if the storm were to come to-night," said Mrs. Cinqmars, as she leaned against the embrasure of an open window languidly, after the last rehearsal, which had been prolonged to within a couple of hours of the performance. "But I shouldn't at all wonder if it did. Hark at those horrible little birds twittering, as if they were saying, Oh yes, it will come soon; it can't keep off much longer; I feel it coming. And how the laurel leaves shiver!"

"We've sold the tickets," said the major, philosophically: "the indigent widows will be none the worse off if it rains bucketfuls all the evening."

"Do you think that will reconcile me to our play being a failure?" cried the lady, indignantly. "As if those snuffy old things were the first consideration!"

"But you do it for their sakes, you know."

"For their sakes! Do you suppose I pay Madame Fantini unheard-of prices for my dresses for their sakes? I shall die of vexation if we've any empty benches."

"We'd better send a whip round to the clubs," said Major Bolding.

"I don't want a herd of men," exclaimed the aggrieved manageress; "I want a brilliant-looking audience—those Manchester and Liverpool women with their emeralds and diamonds. However, we'd better disperse at once, and begin to think of dressing. Two hours is not too much for putting on costumes of that kind. Lizzie, you and I will have some tea and cold chicken in my room, if we can manage to eat—my mouth is as dry as a furnace; and as for you, gentlemen, there will be dinner in half an hour in Mr. Cinqmars's study. All the other rooms are confiscated to the interests of the widows."

"Are the widows to see us act?" inquired Mr. Hartley. "They ought, I think, in order to appreciate the effort we are making for them at its just value. It would be rather a clever move, by-the-way, a row of old women in black bonnets. Mrs. Cinqmars could point to them when she speaks her little epilogue: 'Behold, kind friends, the recipients of your bounty.'"

"It will be quite enough to speak of them. And now, gentlemen, if you really mean to be dressed by nine o'clock, you'd better go to your rooms. Du Châtelet, be sure you come to me at a quarter to nine to go over your scenes for the very last time."

Du Châtelet groaned. He was the Triplet of the piece, and had sorely toiled in his laudable desire to reproduce the looks and tones of Mr. Webster. He had even sacrificed a handsome black mustache, which he felt to be a costly offering, on the shrine of Art.

It was nine o'clock, and the storm was still impending—still spreading its dark curtain between earth and the stars. But it had not come, and carriage after carriage, the chariots of Tyburnia and Ecclestonia, rolled round the gravel sweep before the broad portico of the Rancho. The *foyer* filled rapidly with a pleasant swirling of silks and satins, a fluttering of plumes, and flashing of jewels, until the half dozen rows of luxurious seats became a very flower garden, the brilliant colors of the more costly sex only agreeably toned by the Puritan garb of man.

The billiard-room had been fitted up as an auditorium, and by a skillful removal of the vast window which filled one end of the room, and opened on the garden, the apartment had been extended into a temporary shed beyond. This shed, with gently sloping floor and sunk foot-lights, was the stage. The frame of the window, wreathed with flowering creepers, which seemed to have grown up after the fashion of the famous bean stalk. formed the proscenium.

The brilliant light in the auditorium sank gently to a semi-darkness, as the band, hidden in a little off-room, attacked the overture to *Masaniello*. People had just enough time to look about them before the lights went down—the women surveying one another's dresses, the men looking about for people they knew. Mrs. Cinqmars beheld her audience through a hole in the curtain, which Major Bolding had made with his penknife for her convenience, and was satisfied.

"They look very well, don't they?" she asked. "You'd hardly think they were not the real thing—not hall-marked—only electro-plated."

Mrs. Chevenix occupied her fauteuil in a cool and somewhat juvenile costume of pale gray silk and areophane, with pink ribbons, and a blonde Marie Stuart cap surmounted with pink marabouts, pink marabouts edging her fan, pink swan's-down on her gloves. Her own dress was new and had cost money, but the cost thereof was as nothing compared with the expense of Elizabeth's satin train and point-lace-flounced petticoat, and the flaxen wig which was to make her look like one of the Lely beauties in King William's bed-chamber at Hampton Court. Yet all this expenditure had the devoted aunt borne without grumbling, or only an occasional faint and plaintive sigh.

If there was sufficient recompense for this outlay in Elizabeth's triumph, Mrs. Chevenix received such recompense without stint. From the first moment to the last of that performance the girl was triumphant, resplendent with beauty and genius, giving her whole heart and soul to the magic of the stage, living, breathing, thinking, as Peg Woffington. The mediocrity of her fellow-actors mattered nothing to her; they spoke the words they had to speak, so that no hitch arose in the stage business, and that was all she needed to sustain the illusion of the scene. There was passion enough and force enough in her own soul to have animated a theatre; there was an electricity as subtle as the electricity in the overcharged atmosphere, a magnetic force that inspired and excited, instead of depressing.

Mrs. Cinqmars reveled in the sentimentalities of Mabel Vane; rolled her large eyes and flung about her superb hair—she would wear no wig to conceal that natural abundance—to her heart's content, and made a graceful little heroine of the whimpering and whining school. But Elizabeth was the very creature one could fancy Margaret Woffington in her prime—the generous, reckless, audacious beauty, proud of her power over the hearts of men, brimming over with life and genius, but with unfathomable depths of tenderness lurking beneath that brilliant surface.

Tyburnia and Ecclestonia, and all the men about town who formed the staple of Mr. and Mrs. Cinqmars's set, applauded with a unanimity that for once in a way came from the heart. They felt that this was verily dramatic art, hardly the less finished because it was the fruit of only a fortnight's study. The actress had picked up the technicalities of her part during those studious nights in the theatre, inspiration and a fresh and ardent love of art had done the rest, and the impersonation was as perfect as any amateur performance can possibly be, with all the added charm of freshness and sincerity, which can hardly accompany the profound experience of professional training. An actress who had trodden the beaten round of the drama, more or less like a horse in a mill, could surely never fling herself with such passionate feeling into one part as this girl, to whom the magic of the stage was new.

Mr. Cinqmars quavered and sniffed and sniveled in the character of Triplet with an abject senility which would have been senile in a great-grandfather of ninety, but copied the stage business with some dexterity, and won his share of applause. Lord Paulyn and Major Bolding were dressed superbly, and managed to get through their work with credit to themselves and the stage-manageress; and as coffee and Neapolitan ices were lavishly administered between the acts, without any toll being exacted thereupon for the widows, the aristocracy of commerce in the two-guinea fauteuils were inclined to think they had received fair value for their money. As for the herd of young men who blocked the back of the auditorium, where there was little more than standing-room, they were simply in ecstasies. The girl's beauty and genius together fired their souls. They protested vehemently that she ought to go on the stage, that she would take the town by storm, and much more to the same effect, forgetting that this flame which burned so brilliantly to-night might be only a meteoric light, and that although a clever young woman, with an ardent nature, may for once in her life fling herself heart and soul into a stage-play, and by a kind of inspiration dispense with the comprehension and experience that can only come from professional training, it is no reason she should be able to repeat her triumph, and to go on repeating it *ad libitum*. Never again in Elizabeth Luttrell's existence was she to live the delicious life of the stage, to lose the sense of her personality in the playwright's creation, to act and think and be glad and sorry with an imaginary creature, the centre of an imaginary world.

Among the crowd of white neck-ties and swallow-tailed coats at the end of the room, there was one gentleman who stood near the door, with his back against the wall, a tall immovable figure, and who seemed to know nobody. He was taller by half a head than the majority of the men standing in the crowded space behind the last row of seats, and he was able to survey the stage across the carefully parted hair of the gentleman in front of him. This gentleman had a good deal to say about Elizabeth Luttrell, to which the stranger listened intently, with a somewhat moody countenance.

"Yes," said this fopling to his friend, in the interval between the second and third acts—the stranger had only entered the room toward the close of the second—"yes, it's a great match for her, of course: only a country parson's daughter, without a sixpence, except any thing she may get from her aunt, Mrs. Chevenix, the widow of a man who was a bishop, or a judge, or something—"

"Is it a settled thing?" asked the other.

"Of course it is. Why, they go every where together. I was introduced to her at the Derby; he drove her down in his drag, with Mrs. Cinqmars to play Propriety, on the *obscurum facere per obscurius* principle, I suppose. And you'll find him here continually, dancing attendance upon Miss Luttrell, and spooning to an extent that is humiliating to one's sense of manhood."

"I didn't think that was in Paulyn's line; I thought he went in for race-horses and prize yachts, and that kind of thing."

"Yes; there's the rub. This is his first appearance in the character of a love-sick swain; and like a patient who takes the measles late in life, he exhibits the disease in its most aggravated form."

"There's not much in him at the best of times," said the other, with the air of a man whose own intellectual gifts were of the highest order, and who therefore surveyed mankind from an altitude. "Do you think she likes him?"

"Do I think she is in full possession of her senses?" answered his friend, laughing; "and that being so, she would not be likely to turn up her nose at such a position as he can give her. There's hardly a richer man than Paulyn about town—bar the Marquis of Westminster. The love of money is a hereditary vice in his family, and his ancestors have scraped and hoarded from generation to generation. He is one of the few gentlemen who contrive to make money on the turf. The book-men hate him like poison. He's a lamb they seldom have the privilege of skinning. There isn't a deeper card out; and I can't say I envy that lovely girl the life she's likely to lead with him when she's his own property and he gets tired of spooning. But, for all that, I don't believe there's a girl in London would have refused him."

Pleasant intelligence this for the tall stranger, whose name was Malcolm Forde.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The school in whose behalf the "Hampton Students" are singing is devoted to the education of colored teachers, and instruction in industrial pursuits. It has now a roll of over two hundred students, and a list of fifty graduates, who are employed as teachers of colored public schools. Many more teachers are called for, and funds are desired for the erection of suitable buildings for the accommodation of three or four hundred students.

"Boston Charley," who shot Rev. Dr. Thomas, is about twenty-two years of age. He is nearly white, with a clear complexion; hence the name of "Boston," which signifies "white" among the Indians, has been given him. He was always regarded as one of the best-tempered Indians of the tribe.

Cases of arsenical poisoning from wall-paper have been frequently made public. A short time ago a Roman Catholic priest died at Hinsdale, Massachusetts, under circumstances which indicated poisoning by arsenic, although it had been supposed that he was the victim of cancer in the stomach. It was ascertained that another person who had previously occupied the room where the priest died had also died with similar symptoms, and a third person had been made ill, but recovered on removal. On examination the walls of the room were found to be tinted with Paris green, which on analysis showed the presence of arsenic in considerable quantities.

"Black Ike," a Pennsylvania hermit, lived alone in a rude hut on the Welsh Mountains for over fifty years. His early life was an unknown mystery, but it was supposed that he escaped in some way from slavery, and sought refuge in the North. Before he was twenty years old, after having worked a while among the Pennsylvania farmers, he betook himself to the mountains, built a hut, and spent his life in solitude. He earned a livelihood by basket-making, was honest and frugal, and as the sound of a violin was sometimes heard in still nights proceeding from his cabin, he was supposed to amuse himself with music. Recently he was found dead by some chance visitor to his lonely hut.

The *Congregationalist* remarks: "Four steam-ship companies having offices in New York refused cabin passage across the Atlantic to the 'Jubilee Singers.' First-class accommodations, however, were promptly obtained on board one of the Cunarders sailing from Boston."

If spelling lessons could be made amusing, or if some special interest could be awakened in regard to certain common but difficult words, our young folks—and old ones too—would learn to spell more easily. For some children "learning to spell" is the hardest of all school tasks. Those who memorize easily can accomplish it in spite of the intricate orthography of our words, and the lack of all analogy in the modes of spelling. But when a child's mind naturally inclines him to reason and analyze and systematize in learning to spell, he becomes puzzled and perplexed. Sound is no guide to him—he must arbitrarily learn the letters in each word. And he needs encouragement and help from parents and teachers. A useful little game may be introduced into the home circle some evening by the following list of twenty words, which was used last year in the examination of applicants for admission to the junior class of one of the St. Louis high schools: Indelible, lattice, millinery, eligible, sibylline, oxygen, adjacent, business, hyena, weasel, massacre, sulphur, syllable, vermilion, familiar, chimney, vengeance, rhinoceros, valuing, guarantee. There were 449 applicants, of whom 415 failed to spell "sibylline" correctly, 382 failed on "vermilion," 315 on "vengeance," 184 on "indelible," and 150 on "millinery."

Vesuvius is now sending forth vast columns of smoke and vapor, giving indications of being in a very restless state of mind. In fact, Vesuvius so nearly threatens a decided eruption that crowds of curious sight-seers are attracted thither. Those who are not quite venturesome enough to ascend the cone, content themselves with a ride to the observatory, from which curiosity may be abundantly gratified. What strange fascination there is in dangerous sight-seeing!

A beautiful canary-bird belonging to a gentleman of Indianapolis, Indiana, recently fell while its owner was playing with it, and broke its leg. The owner was regretfully considering the necessity of killing his pretty pet, when a friend suggested that he take it to the Surgical Institute. Accordingly the bird was submitted to the care of a surgeon, who with great delicacy set the broken limb, and bound it in "splints." From all indications the operation will be entirely successful.

The Handel and Haydn Society, whose performances have given so much pleasure recently to the musical world of New York city, was established in Boston in 1815 by about thirty gentlemen. Since then oratorios have been performed every year, and the number of members is now between six and seven hundred.

We happen to know a little fellow, just two years old, who not only possesses the usual fondness of children for animals and for pictures of them, but also has an unusual ability to remember the name of every animal which is told him. A short time ago he was taken to Barnum's new menagerie. There was on exhibition a silly-looking young man, dark-colored, and dressed in shaggy garments. No sooner did the little boy catch sight of him than he shouted at the top of his voice, "Baboon! baboon!" Darwin might regard this as incidental proof of his theory. We have since referred to Webster's large dictionary—which was always a favorite "picture-book" for the child—and perceive a reasonable resemblance between the pictorial illustration of "baboon" and the above-mentioned shaggy young man.

Considering the fact that there are now abiding in this country many young Japanese belonging to noble families, and that many Americans have taken up their residence in Japan, it is not unlikely that marriages between citizens of the two countries should follow. In view of this probability the Japanese government has issued a decree with reference to mixed marriages. All the details of it may not be important to Americans, but some of them should not be misunderstood, lest one plunge blindly into an unexpected condition. Every Japanese subject must obtain permission of the government before marrying a foreigner. Any woman of foreign extraction who shall marry a Japanese subject will, after the ceremony, be looked upon as a naturalized Japanese, and be subject to the laws of the empire; and a man, if received as a son-in-law to any Japanese, will be regarded as a naturalized Japanese subject. Any Japanese woman who may marry a foreigner will, by that act, relinquish all right she may have to houses, farms, gardens, or landed property; but if she has obtained the permission of the government to contract the alliance, and continues a subject of Japan, she may retain her personal property, such as money, jewelry, and clothes. The youthful Japs now sojourning among us may find this cruel decree destructive to their hopes, not less than certain ambitious American men and women, who may have fancied that a foreign alliance might better their condition.

An unfortunate London barrister, admitted to the bar more than thirty years ago, has recently been sentenced to six months' hard labor for stealing a book worth ten shillings and selling it. It appears that the man was actually starving, and stole the book to get bread. At the trial he begged that the longest term of penal servitude might be assigned him, so that, if possible, he might not come out of prison alive.

An Indianapolis woman swallowed some laudanum the other day in a fit of gloom. A galvanic battery, however, defeated her plans. So, also, the Chicago gentleman who took a quantity of opium found that a couple of quarts of strong coffee which was poured down his throat was powerful enough to revive the dead. Prospective suicides should communicate these facts to friends, so that remedies and antidotes may be on hand in case of need.

The *Court Journal* informs its readers that a family of fifteen brothers are now living near Lyons, France, under one roof, and all unmarried. What a very suggestive fact!

Physicians affirm that extraordinary nervous disorders are appearing among the children of the present generation. Sleeplessness is not an uncommon malady in children nowadays. It is believed that the excessive brain-work in close school-rooms which is now demanded of children is producing the most pernicious results.

Victor Emanuel happens to bear a striking resemblance to a certain Signor Siena, a pensioner; or perhaps it would be more respectful to say that Signor Siena happens to resemble King Victor Emanuel. Recently an amusing incident occurred in Milan. A cab drove up to the city gate and demanded admittance. The custodian replied that entrance was impossible, as that gate was ordered closed that the review might not be interfered with. The driver, nothing daunted, insisted upon passing, and upon being asked who he was that he could pass against orders, replied, "I'm nobody; but I've got the King in the cab." The astounded official stammered out, "The King!" and glancing into the vehicle saw a brown face, a pair of piercing eyes, and an enormous mustache. Pulling off his cap, he shouted an order to his assistants, and the opening of the gate gave free ingress to the cab and its occupant. Like a flash the news spread about Milan that Victor Emanuel was in the city, and the nobility and city authorities were in a flutter of preparation and expectation. But the hours went by, and neither the prefect nor syndic was officially apprised of the presence of his Majesty. During the evening the suspicion of a joke crept into official quarters. After much investigation "the King" was proved to be only Signor Siena.

It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work with their brain rather than muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed every day, especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and, indeed, of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy, and troublesome diseases of the skin.

A full-sized photographic copy of the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry will be among the works of art shown at the great International Exhibition. This unique piece of needle-work is believed to have been executed by the queen of William the Conqueror and her maidens, and represents the battle of Hastings, with preceding and subsequent events. It is two hundred and thirty feet in length and twenty-two in breadth. Very soon after the work was completed by the queen, as is supposed, it was presented by her to the abbey of Bayeux, in Normandy, and is now in charge of the municipal authorities of that city. During the Franco-German war the tapestry was rolled up and hidden, but has since been restored to its place in the public library.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Thirty years ago a boy entered the city of New York in an almost penniless condition, and without a single acquaintance in the great wilderness of houses. To-day his name is known wherever humanity breathes. It is spoken in every hamlet, is heard in every city, and is as familiar to the workers in the mines as to his brother in the mills, and wherever language is known and ideas expressed, the name of this penniless, unlearned, and uncouth lad of thirty years ago is uttered. It is John Smith.

Drink for Irishmen—Celt-zer water.

"What's dis Credit More Biler dat de newspapers makin' such a fuss about?" inquired one darky of another in the market this morning. "Dunno," replied the other, "but I s'pose de gov'ment buildin' steam-ships, and wants credit for more bilers dan dey can get."

Bridget came to her mistress and asked for a needle and thread. "Do you want it fine or coarse?" asked the lady. "Sure an' I don't know, ma'am," said Bridget. "What do you want it for?" asked the mistress; "if you tell me that, I may know what to give you." "Well, mum, the cook has just tould me to string the banes, an' sure an' I want a nadle and thrid for that."

As specimens of the *retort courteous* and the *retort uncourteous*, observe the following: Two of the guests at a public dinner having got into an altercation, one of them, a blustering vulgarian, vociferated, "Sir, you're no gentleman!" "Sir," said his opponent, in a calm voice, "you are no judge!"

Did the man who plowed seas, and afterward planted his foot upon native soil, ever harvest his crops?

A well-known German florist related, in a high state of irritation, his troubles in this way. He said: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose: dey vants him hardy, dey vants him doubles, dey vants him moondly, dey vants him fragrand, dey vants him nice gouler, dey vants him ebery dings in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls von uncallant man, but I have somedimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often sees dat ladies dat vas beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection in one ladies. I see her much not!'"

A sure Cure for Felons—Twisted hemp.

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw," crossly exclaimed a bald-headed old uncle to his nephew. "Well, uncle," replied the youth, with a glance at the old gentleman's bald head, "you can't expect me to understand things as quick as you do, because you don't have the trouble of getting 'em through your hair."

A blessed old lady being asked if she ever had her ears pierced by the wail of distress, said she couldn't very well remember, but she believed it was done with a fork.

The most striking difference between a foolish person and a looking-glass is that the one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking.

An old woman out West "didn't want 'em to take any trouble after she was dead; but if it was just the same, she'd like to be buried with her spectacles on."

Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He understands the business.

They have a young lady in Michigan who is so conscientious that she won't take a kiss without returning it.

A deacon who used to keep a grocery store, having instructed his clerk, when out of a desired article, to call the attention of the customer to the nearest thing, was not a little astonished, when his pastor called and inquired for new molasses, to hear the clerk say, "We have no new molasses, but we have got some new rum."

One afternoon during the late unpleasantness a long, gaunt civilian, wearing garments of rusty black and a stove-pipe hat, walking up in the rear of head-quarters, was accosted by a hostler.

Hostler. "Keep out of here."
Visitor. "Isn't this General Grant's tent?"
Hostler. "Yes."
Visitor. "Well, I reckon he will let me inside."
Hostler. "You will soon find out."

As he entered the tent a guard mistook him for a member of the Sanitary or Christian Commission.

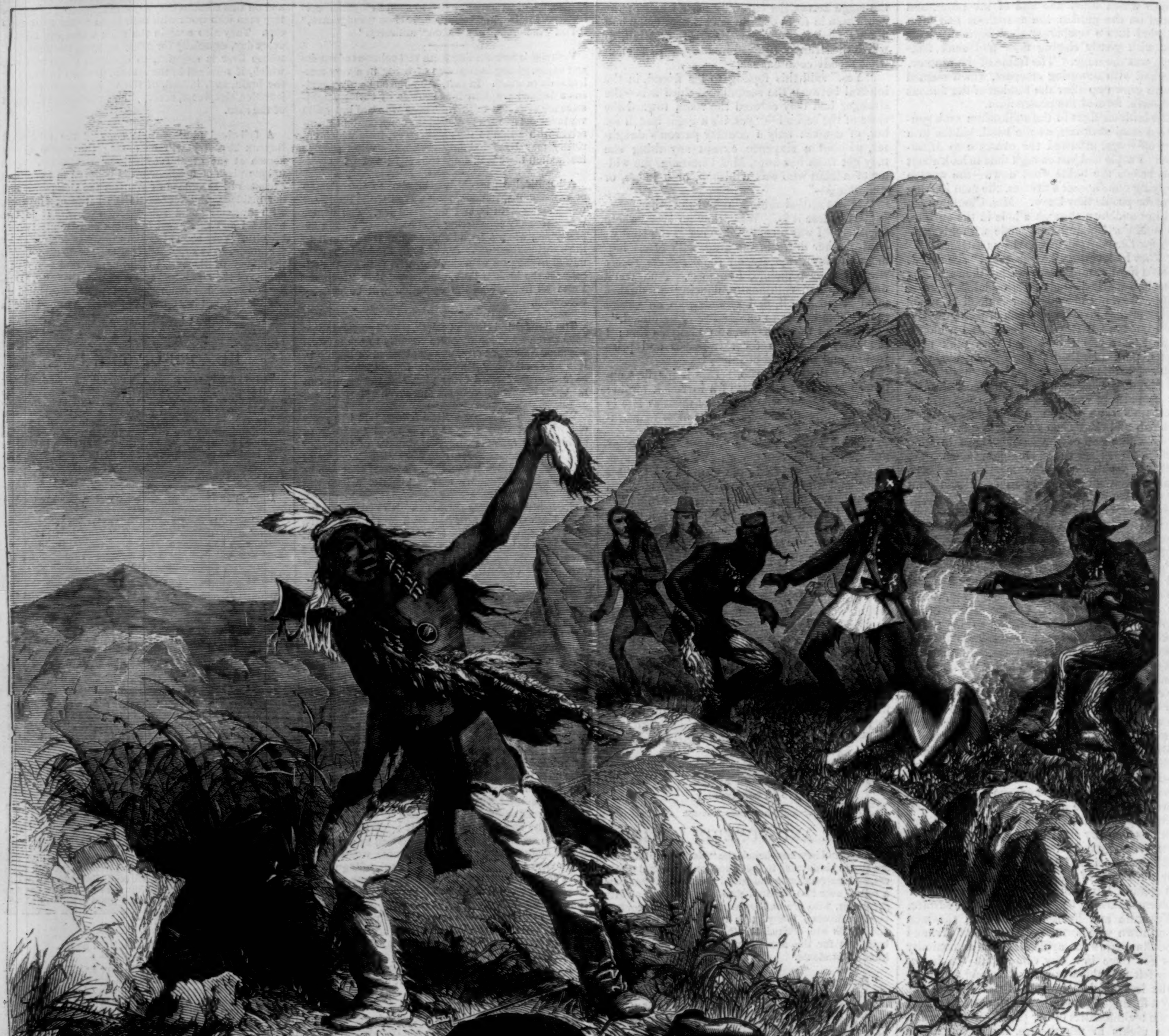
Guard. "No Sanitary folks allowed inside."
Visitor. "I guess General Grant will see me."
Guard. "I can't let you pass, but I'll send him your name. What is it?"
Visitor. "Abraham Lincoln."

A burglar who was sentenced the other day at Maidstone (England) Assizes to seven years' penal servitude offered to toss the Bench whether it should be fourteen years or nothing.

The following somewhat ambiguous paragraph appeared in an Edinburgh paper: "We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W—— is a malicious fabrication."

THE MODOC WAR.

Another disaster has befallen our troops operating against the Modocs in the lava beds. Early on the morning of April 26 a reconnoitring party, under command of Captain E. **Thomas**, left camp and proceeded in the direction of the Modoc stronghold. A small party of Warm Spring Indians, under **Donald M'Kay**, was sent to co-operate with the troops. Our men advanced without molestation until they reached the foot of the high bluff south of the lava beds, having meanwhile signaled to the camp that no Indians were to be found.



MODOCS SCALPING AND TORTURING PRISONERS.

But scarcely had they reached the bluff when the Modocs opened upon them a severe fire from under cover of the rocks, and as they were effectually concealed from sight, our troops were compelled to seek shelter wherever it could be found. The Indians were able from their ambuscade to fire upon the soldiers from all sides without exposing themselves. They were said to number about sixty warriors, well armed with Spencer carbines and breech-loading muskets. In some instances a warrior was known to have several repeating rifles, with which he was able to keep up a continuous fire from his ambuscade. The surface of the ground, being torn and rent by volcanic action, presents numberless cracks and crevices, of which the Indians took advantage. In several instances our soldiers, seeking refuge from the murderous fire of their unseen foes, came upon such fissures, and were shot down before they were aware of the danger into which they had run.

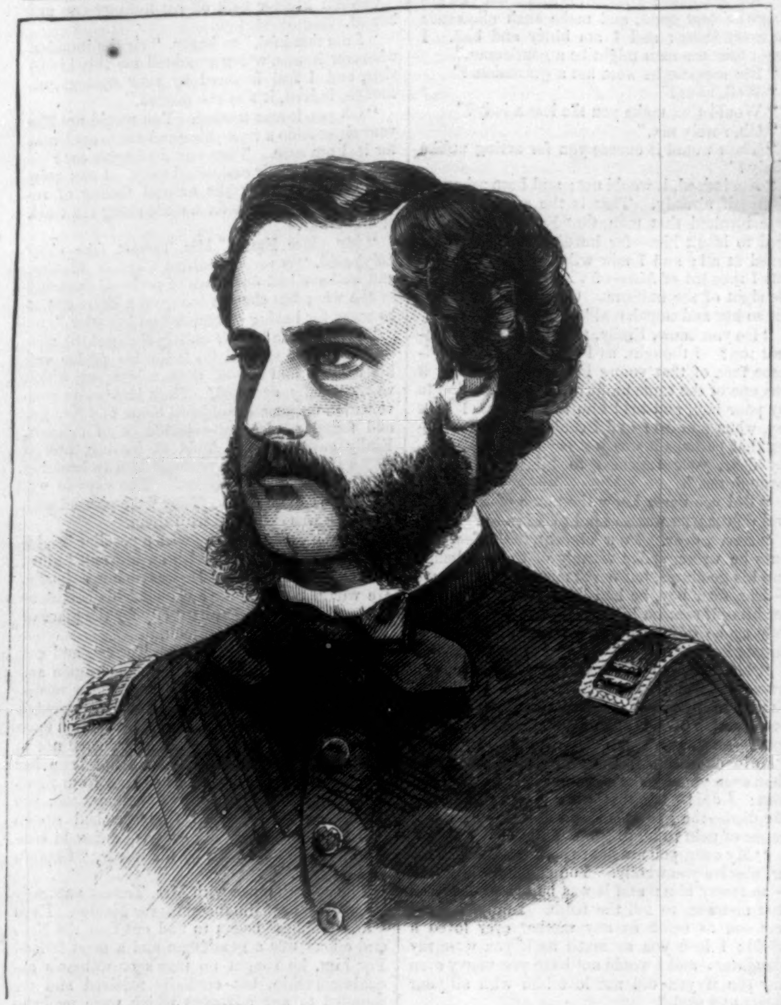
The loss of the troops in this engagement was lamentably severe, being twenty-three killed, eighteen wounded, and several missing. Among the former were Captain **Evan Thomas**, Lieutenant **Albion Howe**, and Lieutenant **Thomas Wright**. Survivors of the massacre report that when Captain **Thomas** found himself and his men surrounded by his vindictive foe, true to his nature as a soldier, he sought to cheer the soldiers on to the bitter end, and obtain, if possible, life for life, and to sell their lives dearly, saying, "Men, we are surrounded; we must fight and die like men and soldiers." In his noble efforts to sustain the courage of his small command he was ably seconded by Lieutenant **Howe** and Lieutenant **Wright**. After receiving a mortal wound he buried his gold watch and chain among the rocks, and emptied his revolver among the enemy before dying.

As soon as information of the peril of the troops was received at head-quarters a strong party was sent to their relief, carrying stretchers for the conveyance of the wounded. The bodies of the dead were in many instances so barbarously mutilated as to be unrecognizable, except by some article of dress. The remains of Captain **Thomas** and Lieutenants **Howe** and **Wright**, and those of twenty soldiers, were recovered, and all but eight of the latter brought into camp.

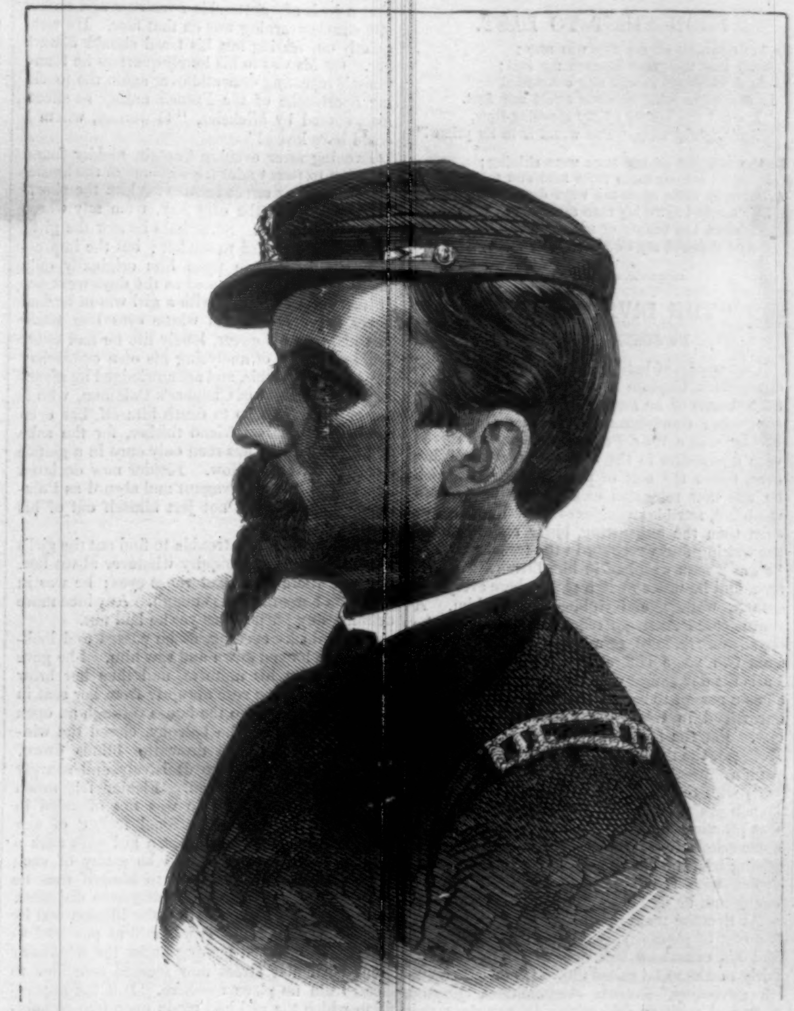
From the nature of the case it was impossible to ascertain the amount of loss inflicted upon the Modocs. **M'Kay** reports that his Indians had taken four scalps. This may be the whole, or it may be only a portion of the killed, the Modocs being very careful to destroy, as far as possible, all traces of their casualties, carrying their wounded into caves, and burning the dead bodies.

In addition to the stock of arms and ammunition already in their possession, the Modocs have secured fourteen rifles and two thousand rounds of ammunition, left on the ground by our troops. The savages spent the night after the massacre rejoicing round their fires, of which they had six burning, extending from near the foot of the bluff to the centre of the lava bed. They might well exult. They have twice defeated our troops, and have established themselves, apparently with abundant supplies of food and munitions of war, in a position which they may consider almost impregnable. General **Gillem**, in his official report of the recent disaster, states that they are now posted in the rocks about four miles south of their old caves, and that it will be impossible, with the force at his disposal, to surround them. The circumference of the lava beds is about thirty miles.

Great consternation prevails among the settlers in the regions about the lakes and the lava beds. Dreading a general war with the Indians, the whites are moving away with their cattle and other property to places of greater security. The people of Yreka and in Scott's Valley are arming and preparing for the worst. It seems to be the general conviction that the Indians must be fought by their own methods, and that volun-



THE LATE CAPTAIN EVAN THOMAS.—[Photographed by Alexander Gardner, Washington, D. C.]



THE LATE LIEUTENANT ALBION HOWE.

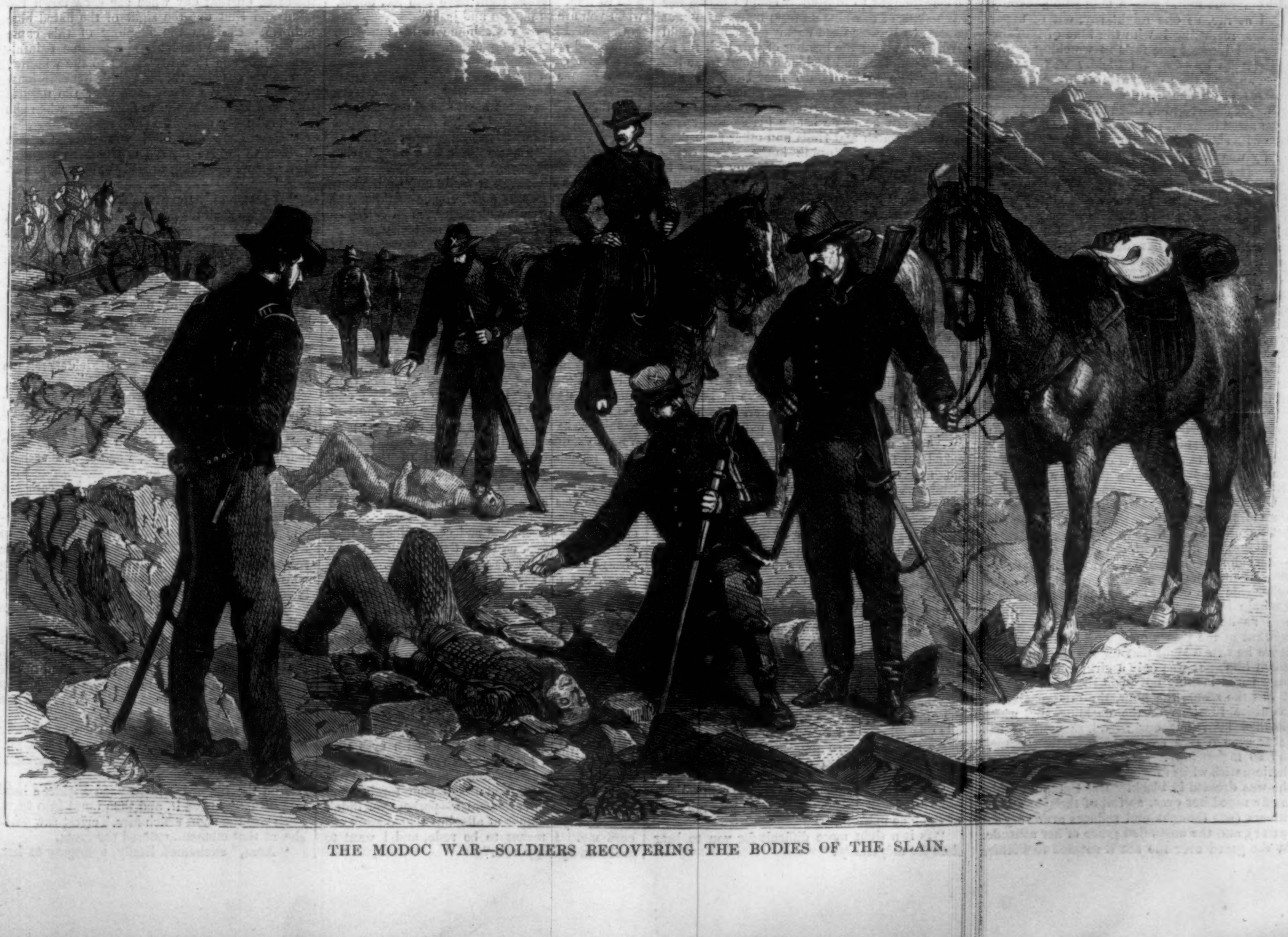
teers, composed of old settlers accustomed to savage warfare, would be of far greater service than regular troops for this purpose.

Captain Evan Thomas, whose portrait is given on this page, the brave though unfortunate leader of the party, was the son of the late Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, and was born in Washington. Appointed from the District on the 9th of April, 1861, to a second lieutenancy in the Fourth artillery, and promoted First Lieutenant in May of the same eventful year, he afterward served with the volunteer forces, and was brevetted Captain December 13, 1862, and Major July 3, 1863. In 1864 he was promoted Captain in the regular service, and was assigned to Battery H of his regiment, which he commanded at the moment of his death.

Lieutenant Albion Howe, whose portrait is also given on this page, was the son of General M. S. Howe, U.S.A. He was born in St. Augustine, Florida, in 1843, graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, and commenced the study of law. At the beginning of the late war he entered the army as a volunteer. Earning promotion by his zeal and fidelity, Lieutenant Howe was rewarded with the commission of Major in the Fourteenth regiment, New York Volunteer artillery, in which he served until the close of the war. His capacity for the military profession having been demonstrated, he was retained in the regular army establishment as a lieutenant of artillery, and was assigned to the Fourth regiment. He was also rewarded with the brevet of Captain in the regular army for meritorious services in the field.

In 1868 Lieutenant Howe was sent to the artillery school of the army at Fortress Monroe, where he completed his course of instruction, and was graduated in 1869. Rejoining his battery, his subsequent service was against the outlaws and Ku-Klux in North and South Carolina, until the autumn of 1872, when he accompanied his regiment to the Pacific coast, and was assigned to the separate command of Yerba Buena Island, in the harbor of San Francisco.

In March, 1873, he was again called to the field, and accompanied his battery against the insurgent Modocs. He arrived at the front only a few days before the murder of General Canby, which he witnessed from the distant signal station. Captain Howe was an intelligent, gallant, and accomplished officer, a scholar of considerable reading and attainments, and a thorough gentleman of refinement and culture. He was married in June, 1869, to a daughter of General W. F. Barry, of the United States artillery.



THE MODOC WAR—SOLDIERS RECOVERING THE BODIES OF THE SLAIN.

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

In the morning all my sky was rosy;
Dewy was the grass beneath my feet;
Little flower-buds awoke and courtesied
In the warm wind blowing sweet and fleet.
I loved the beauty of my morning-time,
And lightly sang, "The world is in its prime!"

In the twilight all my stars were shining;
Peaceful echoes came from field and fold;
A heavenly calm upon my ways descended;
Life seemed more joy than all my heart could hold.
I loved the beauty of my evening-time,
And thanked my God His world was in its prime.

"THE DIVINE EMILYE."

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

The smoke of battle had not very long cleared away when Captain Frank Fielder was sent to take charge of an arsenal in one of the recently conquered Confederate cities. Captain Frank Fielder was a West Point man, who had served with distinction in the war, and the war being over, found the sort of peaceful duty to which he was now relegated considerably worse than the blind, terrible struggles of the Wilderness, or even than the exhausting, bitter endurance of the waiting and watching in the trenches. For he was a man who had in him little capacity of hate, and he was now in a place where every one—man, woman, and child—detested him. A white-coated Austrian officer in Venice in the days before Sadowa, or a Danish captain in Holstein two years before that, or a Prussian in Paris the day before yesterday, might be regarded as a person to be envied when compared with our friend in this little fractious Confederate city. For the Austrian in Venice, the Dane in Holstein, the Prussian in Paris, had at least companionship—the society of his fellows—and could keep with them, and say, like Coriolanus, "I banish *you*" to the world outside. But our friend was practically alone. He was a young man of some scholarly taste, fond of reading and of criticising what he read; and except in his military duties with the handful of soldiers under his command, he had absolutely no association.

At first the mere novelty of the situation gave it a sort of piquancy. The town where Fielder had his command was one which in America fairly merits to be called old. It had seen Spanish governors, French commanders, English civil and military authorities, in the days that came between Columbus and Cornwallis. It looked upon a noble harbor, and its streets were made picturesque by the heavy pillared piazzas and porticoes rich with flowers and creeping plants, and darkened by trees—a needful protection against the sun that glowed in summer with almost tropic fervor. The colored women, with their gaudy dresses and their flaming handkerchiefs bound turban-fashion over their heads, became an additional and quite striking element in the pictorial effects of the place. Fielder used at first to range through the streets and repeople them with the forms of the stately old conquistadors, and forget himself and his little personal vexations in the fascinating and unreal splendors of the past.

Being, moreover, somewhat of an easy-going and humorous moralizer—a man who generally looked at life, as one might say, out of upper windows, regarding it with the kind of half-unconcerned interest one feels in watching a procession pass by—Captain Fielder was at first rather amused than otherwise with the demonstrations of dislike his presence usually called forth. It amused him, when he entered a store, to see some indignant purchaser stride out of the place with sublime head almost striking the stars, so lofty was the disdainful grandeur of its elevation. It amused him to see an angry mother gather her daughters round her when he entered a public room, as if the Federal officer were about to shout out "Beauty and booty!" as the English commander at New Orleans is said (oh, how erroneously!) to have done, and sweep away the whole brood, silks, feathers, ear-rings, and all. It even amused him to see some pretty, graceful girl suddenly change her expression of sweetness and good humor for one of contempt and petulance when he appeared in sight, to see her cross the street to avoid passing him on the sidewalk, or, if this were impracticable, draw her skirts tightly around her, as though a touch of her robe from him would be utter contamination. All this amused him at first, but the amusement soon palled. It takes a terribly tough mental constitution to enable a man to bear with indifference the hate of all his neighbors. Especially does it take a tough mental constitution to enable a young unmarried man to bear with indifference the hatred of young and pretty women.

One evening, after sunset, and when the stars were already beginning to shine even through the yet lingering violet of the west, Captain Fielder was lounging homeward, smoking a cigar. He passed along a street one side of which was made up of handsome houses with piazzas, while the other side was open to the harbor and the sea. Captain Fielder walked on the unpeopled side, and as he passed along he chanced to glance upward at the piazza of one of the houses, and there he saw a sight that for the moment fascinated him. It was only a girl leaning over the piazza and looking out upon the sea. Perhaps it was the scene, the hour, the atmosphere, the exquisite illusions of the darkling sky, which glorified her; but our friend thought he had never seen a face so beautiful, so intellectual, and so melancholy. The girl was of fair complexion, with white forehead and colorless cheeks. She was dressed in black. But Captain Fielder chiefly noted her eyes, so full of thought and of sadness (are thought and sadness ever very far apart?), and the unstudied grace of her attitude. As she gazed over the sea it seemed to Fielder that a look of unutterable sweetness and pathos and simple yearning was on that face. He went quietly on, fearing lest his tread should disturb her. On his way to his lonely quarters he found himself repeating over and over again the touching apostrophe of the French author so effectively quoted by Michelet, "O woman, whom I could have loved!"

Evening after evening Captain Fielder found occasion to pass under the windows of the house. That particular street became for him the shortest way, in fact the only way, from any where to any where else. Sometimes he saw the girl; more often he failed to see her; but the impression she had made upon him originally only deepened and strengthened as the days went on. In fact, he was in love with a girl whom he had never heard speak, and whose eyes had never met his. In his queer, lonely life he had lately acquired a way of analyzing his own emotions; and he analyzed this, and acknowledged its meaning. He thought of Chaucer's Palamon, who is not only ready to go to death himself, but even to send his dearest friend thither, for the sake of a girl whom he has seen only once in a glance from his prison window. Fielder now declared himself quite as extravagant and absurd as Palamon. But he could not jest himself out of his passion or his pain.

He never took any trouble to find out the girl's name, or made any inquiry whatever about her. She was there; she had those eyes; he was in love with her—that was enough. Any idea more definite, any purpose, as yet he had not.

One unlucky evening, as he passed and looked up, she looked down and saw him. She gave one glance at his uniform, and then her brow grew red, and she rose abruptly from her seat in the piazza, went into the house through an open window level with the balcony, closed the window behind her, and drew the blinds down. Nothing could be more decisively and sharply insolent than the action. Fielder felt much pained and grieved. He was not offended in the least; he had no personal feeling of any kind; but he was sorry that a girl with such a form, face, and eyes should be guilty of such conduct. At first he said to himself that he was sorry for his illusion having been dispelled. But the worst of it was that the illusion was by no means dispelled. It was still as powerful as ever. He avoided passing under the windows; that particular street now seemed somehow to lead from no place nowhere. But the impression which the girl had made upon him remained just the same, and her face was with him always.

"After all," he said to himself, "we are the victors, and we must not grudge to the vanquished the poor consolation of a brief anger. This beautiful girl may have had a dear brother killed in the war; and women can't fight out their resentments as we do. I am sorry for her." His thoughts went back to a brave young Southerner who, wounded, had become a prisoner under his charge, and to whom he had rendered all the service he could; who had become deeply attached to him, and who died at last in his very arms. In his pocket Fielder still carried a handsomely ornamented cigar-case, which the youth had begged him to keep as a last token of regard and friendship. "Suppose *he* were her brother," Fielder thought to himself, "could I blame her if the sight of our blue uniform made her forget herself?" But his dead enemy and friend could hardly have been the brother of this girl, for he was a Virginian, and Fielder had sent some letters for him to his family near Norfolk; and when he died of his wounds, which happened only too soon, Fielder had, at his request—almost the last he made before his death—transmitted his watch and rings and other such poor memorials to the Norfolk home. The dying Southerner had never spoken of any friends in the State where Captain Fielder was now quartered. So Fielder put aside the idea, which, indeed, he could hardly be said to have seriously entertained—the idea of the possibility of his dead friend having been the brother of the angry woman who would have offended, but had only enchanted him.

As Captain Fielder was walking through one of the principal streets of the city, some days after, he saw two ladies coming toward him, one of whom he knew at a glance, the moment she appeared within sight, to be the girl of the piazza. He had never before seen her in the street, and he now was charmed with the grace of her figure and the easy firmness of her step. The other lady was much older. Both were dressed in black. When they came quite near the young woman saw him, saw his uniform, looked up full into his face with flashing eyes and angry expression, and then seizing her companion by the arm, drew her suddenly away and into the doorway of a store, that Fielder might pass without the possibility of the hem of one of her garments rustling against him and thus being contaminated! Captain Fielder returned her angry glance with a calm look, which had something of pity in it, saluted her with grave courtesy, and passed on.

"Oh, Emily!" he just heard the elder lady say, "for shame! How can you be so rude? He seems a perfect gentleman, although he wears the Yankee uniform."

"So she's Emily?" Captain Fielder said to himself. "That makes the resemblance to the Chaucer story all the more complete. This is the 'divine Emilye' for whom Palamon and Arcite quarreled—and I don't wonder."

He had not heard the conversation between the two ladies which followed the few words that reached his ear.

"Dear aunt, I suppose the man is well enough—he looks well enough—but I can't bear the sight of the blue uniform."

"Is it a sight more difficult for you to bear than for me, Emily?"

"Ah, no, aunt; I know all that; but you are so gentle and good, and make such allowance for every thing; and I am bitter and bad. I forgot that the man might be a gentleman."

"But suppose he were not a gentleman?"

"Well, aunt?"

"Would that make you the less a lady?"

"Oh, surely not."

"Then would it excuse you for acting unlike a lady?"

"No, indeed, it would not; and I am ashamed of myself already. That is the second time I have insulted that man, that Federal officer, or tried to insult him—for he didn't appear to be vexed at all; and I now wish I hadn't done it. But I thought of *him*—of Vincent—and I hated the sight of the uniform. Oh, I do wish I were not so hot and impulsive!"

"Do you know, Emily, that I thought of Vincent too? I thought, as I saw the grave, handsome face of that young Federal officer, that it was one of the same uniform who was so kind to my poor boy, and held him in his arms, I dare say, when he died; and I could not help fancying that perhaps it was just such a man. And, my dear, your rudeness to him sent a pang through me."

"Did you never know the name of that Federal officer who was so kind to Vincent?"

"Never, dear. Poor Vincent, in the few wild lines he wrote, spoke warmly of the gentleman and his goodness, but never mentioned his name—dear, dear boy, he had little time! The officer himself sent on his letters and his things, but only spoke of himself as a friend of my son—never gave his name."

"Then there really was one gentleman, one true gentleman, in the Yankee service," said Emily, meditatively. "I do so wish I had not been so rude to that officer. He looked so handsome—and modest, too, I thought. But, aunt, I do in one sense feel more deeply for Vincent than even you do. *You* never pained or grieved him; *I* did! It's that which makes me wild. He died—the Federals killed him—and I was a cause of pain to him before he died."

"My dear, you are not to blame. I, his mother, absolve you wholly. You could not love him—to marry him; and it was better, even at the last moment, to tell the truth. Emily, I loved my son as much as any mother ever loved a child; I love you as much as if you were my daughter; and I would not have you marry even my son if you did not love him with all your heart and soul."

"Aunt, I feel like falling on my knees here in the street to thank you for your noble generosity! Oh, what can I do to repay you for forgiving me—and understanding me! You can not know how my heart was tortured by remorse. I hated the sight of a Federal uniform, especially because I thought that if *he* had not been killed I would have married him, if he still wished it, and so shown some gratitude for all your goodness."

"I never would have consented to that, Emily. I never would have allowed any girl—not to speak of you—to become the wife of my darling boy unless she loved him with all her soul and with all her strength."

"Aunt," said Emily, "when next I meet that Federal officer I will humble myself and apologize to him. What right have I to feel anger, when you are so patient and just?"

Captain Fielder went home to his quarters, and passed a very lonely night. He read Chaucer's poem over again, and smiled at the divine extravagance of its love business, and thought, nevertheless, that old Geoffrey understood very well the realities of the heart's unreasoning passion. But he thought too, "I hope now that I shall never see that girl any more—never, never! One such meeting more would banish my divine Emilye for all my life."

Now Miss Westray was really no "divine Emilye" at all. She was a generous, warm-hearted girl, somewhat too proud, perhaps, and certainly too impulsive, but at heart all nobleness, and in mind highly gifted. She had been engaged to her cousin, Vincent Granger, of Virginia—she was herself a Virginian—and had found out that she did not and could not love him as he loved her, and as he ought to be loved. She had the justice and the courage to say so, and his brave, wise mother counseled him and her well, and the engagement was renounced. The war broke out, and Vincent went with his State—and was killed. Emily had always lived with her aunt since the death of her parents, years ago, and she continued to live with her still. The two women went to Europe for some time after poor Vincent's death, and, having returned thence, were recommended, on account of the elder lady's health, to pass a few months of the year in the place where we find them living.

There was a garden within the walls of the arsenal where Fielder had his quarters. It was one of his amusements and occupations to look after this garden, and see that its flowers were always bright and its walks well kept. Sometimes, but not often, a curious resident of the town would stroll in and look at the garden, and Fielder always welcomed such a visitor. Judge of his surprise when, one day as he was inspecting his roses, he heard the *frou-frou* of woman's dress near him, and looking up, he saw his divine Emilye and the elder lady approaching. The divine Emilye seemed to be leading the way, and almost compelling her aunt to follow. Captain Fielder felt the blood rush to his face.

"Pray forgive me!" Emily broke out, in a voice that trembled a little, but with eyes that frankly sought his: "I was rude to you twice, and I am sorry and ashamed, and I could not rest until I had come and asked your forgiveness. Probably you don't remember—perhaps you didn't observe my conduct at all—but that doesn't excuse me. I meant to be rude, and I want to make an apology now."

Captain Fielder took off his military cap and bowed.

"I am thankful," he began, "for the impulse, whatever it was, which procured me this kindly visit, and I feel honored by your apology, although, indeed, it was not needed."

"Oh yes, it *was* needed. You would not like your sister to do a rude thing and not to apologize for it, I am sure. Then you do forgive me?"

"Most cordially and delightedly. I can quite make allowance for the natural feeling of resentment which burns for a while along the track of every war."

"My niece Emily," Mrs. Terrest, (the elder lady) said, "is very impulsive, Captain Fielder, and we have had our share of personal suffering in the war; but she has too good a heart not to be sorry for having committed an injustice."

Then Captain Fielder quietly changed the conversation, and showed the ladies his garden and his flowers, and offered them a bouquet, which was cordially accepted. They had some conversation on general subjects, home and foreign, and found a pleasant coincidence of opinion. Emily gave him her hand at parting, and it sent a thrill of delight through him to hear her call him "Captain Fielder." The captain was invited to call on them. They were pleased with him; he was delighted with them.

The sun shone that day with a peculiar brightness, the roses blushed with an unwonted glow, for our Federal officer. He was no longer lonely. He would not now have changed his command in that bitter little Southern city for the place of Lieutenant-General Sherman.

Of course he called on Mrs. Terrest, and saw her and Emily. Of course he called again and again, and grew to be on very friendly terms. His tastes and those of the ladies were congenial, and Emily soon learned to adopt his opinion upon this and that author or artist as a decree not to be questioned. She soon could not keep her cheeks from reddening and her eyes from lighting up when he came. Sometimes, too, she blushed as she observed that she had grown into the habit of settling every question in conversation with her aunt by the words, "Captain Fielder says."

The acquaintance with Mrs. Terrest naturally led to other acquaintanceships for Fielder. Even "first families" began to find out that the Federal officer was a gentleman and a good fellow. For him, he sought no man's or woman's acquaintanceship, but cordially received and responded to any advances which were made to him.

So the days went on until the time drew near when Mrs. Terrest had to leave that place and seek for her health a cooler summer residence. So sad was Fielder at the thought of Emily's departure that he welcomed with a kind of wild joy an announcement which would otherwise have been odious to him—the official intimation that he had been appointed to another and more important command in a distant Territory.

Paying a visit, which he regarded as one of farewell, to the house of his friends, he found Emily alone. They both seemed to have an equal difficulty in talking this day. The same thought filled the mind and heart of each. They sat in the room which opened on the piazza overlooking the sea—the room into which Emily had retreated on that day when she drew down the blind and shut out the sight of the hated blue uniform. Perhaps the memory of this came back to her, for suddenly she became painfully agitated, and then rose, went to the window, and looked out upon the sea to hide her emotions. Captain Fielder was about to obey the natural impulse which bade him to follow her, when she returned, more composed, and said, frankly,

"How good and kind you were, Captain Fielder, to forgive my old rudeness so readily! And now we are going to lose you—perhaps forever."

"It seems only too probable," he said, sadly.

"But we shall always be friends, I hope—and we shall hear from you. Have you written down our address? Please write it down."

She was talking rapidly, in order to make it seem that she was talking easily. He took out his pocket-book in order to write down the address, and in bringing out the little book he brought out unconsciously his cigar-case along with it. He was hastily replacing the latter object when Emily suddenly seized his hand.

"For Heaven's sake, Captain Fielder, tell me—do tell me—where you got *that!*"

He looked up with surprise. She was trembling with excitement. He hardly understood the meaning of her question.

"That cigar-case, Captain Fielder!" She touched it with quivering fingers, and seemed eager to take it from him.

"That cigar-case? Oh yes; it has rather a melancholy story attached to it, Miss Westray. It once belonged to a brave young fellow, a Virginian, in the Confederate army." He spoke with a certain reluctance and hesitation, for he feared to revive bitter memories; and in all his conversations with Emily and her aunt, every allusion to the war had been carefully avoided.

"A Virginian—yes, yes! Go on, please; do tell me."

"There isn't a great deal more to tell. He was wounded, and thrown in my way, and we came to know each other—too late—and to like each other; and when he died he left me that cigar-case as a little memorial. See, there are his initials, 'V. G.'—Vincent Granger."

"Oh, Captain Fielder! you, then, it was who were so kind and good to our dear lost Vincent! May Heaven bless you—bless you a thousand times!"

And the impulsive girl seized Fielder's hand and actually kissed it, and then burst into tears. Such was the sight which Mrs. Terrest saw when she, at that moment, entered the room.

"Aunt," exclaimed Emily, springing to her, "look at poor Vincent's cigar-case! It was Captain Fielder who was so kind to him: and we never knew it!"

So, indeed, it proved to be. Vincent Granger was the son of Mrs. Terrest's first husband, the husband of her youth. Her second husband, who died while the war was actually going on, had been one of the bitterest Confederate opponents of the Union in the State where he lived; and Mrs. Terrest had therefore arranged with her son Vincent that, in the event of his being made a prisoner, he should communicate with her only through a lady, one of her friends in Virginia, whose family was not in any way conspicuous for hostility to the Union. For, with the extravagant dislike and distrust of all Union men in authority, civil and military, which was common among even enlightened Southerners while the war was still raging, Mrs. Terrest's friends had persuaded her, against her own better judgment and feeling, that no communication addressed to one bearing her second husband's name would be respected by a Federal in power. Thus it was that her name, when he came to know it, was quite new to Captain Fielder, and suggested no association with his brave young enemy and dear friend.

"And so," Mrs. Terrest thoughtfully said, "we too have found a friend where we might only have expected to find an enemy. More than that, we have found in him the one friend to whom, beyond any in the world, I owe and have felt a special obligation of gratitude."

"As to gratitude," Captain Fielder replied, cheerily, "there is no room for that: there was nothing at all to be grateful for. What I could do for *him* was hardly any thing, and such as it was, any body would have done it. But the whole story reminds me of the Welsh fable—have you ever heard it?—about the man who was crossing a mountain one misty morning just before sunrise. He saw advancing to meet him through the fog some thin, vague form, which at first he took to be that of a monster. He went bravely on, however, and he presently found that the supposed monster was a man. He made a few steps forward, and, behold! the man turned out to be his own brother. Is it not so in life often? We see through the mists of our prejudices and distrusts a shape which seems that of an odious monster; we come nearer, and find that it is, after all, a human being; a little nearer, and we know it for a man and a brother! Come, I don't often preach sermons, and forgive me this one."

Both ladies were silent. Their eyes were filled with tears. Mrs. Terrest rose and left the room.

"Captain Fielder," said Emily, looking up with glittering eyes, "you have taught *me* a lesson I shall never forget—a lesson of human feeling."

"And you," said he, softly, taking her unresisting hand in his—"you have taught me a lesson more precious than that—a lesson of love. Emily, I love you, and have loved you from the first moment when I saw you—here. I love you, and I must tell you so, but that is all; and if you bid me I will go away now, and never speak to you of love again."

But he still held her hand in his, and strove to look into her eyes. She did not bid him go, or be silent, and so he poured out at last all the broken eloquence of his deep love.

Some time, then—as soon as may be—these two lovers will be married. For Emily, as for Juliet, her only love had sprung from her only hate, but under happier auspices, and guiding to a brighter result. The hated form, showing like that of a monster through the mist, had revealed itself first as a man, next as a friend, and at last as a lover.

THE COFFEE-TREE.

The mountain regions of Enarea and Caffa, which the reader, on consulting a map of Africa, will find situated to the south of Abyssinia, are most probably the countries where the coffee-tree was first planted by Nature, as it has here not only been cultivated from time immemorial, but is every where found growing wild in the forests. Here also the art of preparing a beverage from its berries seems to have been first discovered. Arabic authors inform us that about four hundred years ago a learned mufti of Aden, having become acquainted with its virtues on a journey to the opposite shore of Africa, recommended it on his return to the dervishes of his convent as an excellent means for keeping awake during devotional exercises. The example of these holy men brought coffee into vogue, and its use, spreading from tribe to tribe and from town to town, finally reached Mecca about the end of the fifteenth century. There fanaticism endeavored to oppose its progress, and in 1511 a council of theologians condemned it as being contrary to the law of Mohammed, on account of its intoxicating like wine, and sentenced the culprit who should be found indulging in his cup of coffee to be led about the town on the back of an ass. The Sultan of Egypt, however, who happened to be a great coffee-drinker himself, convoked a new assembly of the learned, who declared its use to be not only innocent but healthy; and thus coffee advanced rapidly from the Red Sea and the Nile to Syria, and from Asia Minor to Constantinople, where the first coffee-house was opened in 1554, and soon called forth a number of rival establishments. But here also the zealots began to murmur at the mosques being neglected for the attractions of the ungodly coffee divans, and declaimed against it from the Koran, which positively says that *coal* is not of the number of things created by God for good. Accordingly the mufti ordered the coffee-houses to be closed; but his successor declaring coffee not to be *coal*, unless when over-roasted, they were allowed to reopen, and ever since the most pious Mussulman drinks his coffee without any scruples of conscience. The commercial intercourse with the Levant could not fail to make Europe acquainted with this new source of enjoyment. In 1652 Pasquia, a Greek, opened the first coffee-house in London, and twenty years later the French cafés were established in Paris and Marseilles. As the demand for coffee continually increased, the small province of Yemen, the only country which at that time supplied the market, could no longer produce a sufficient quantity, and the high price of the article naturally prompted the European governments to introduce the cultivation of so valuable a plant into their colonies. The islands of Mauritius and Bourbon took the lead in 1718, and Batavia followed in 1723. Some years before a few plants had been sent to Amsterdam, one of which found its way to Marly, where it was multiplied by seeds. Captain Descleux, a French naval officer, took some of these young coffee-plants with him to Martinique, desirous of adding a new source of wealth to the resources of the colony. The passage was very tedious and stormy; water began to fail, and all the gods seemed to conspire against the introduction of the coffee-tree into the New World. But Descleux patiently endured the extremity of thirst that his tender shoots might not droop for want of water, and succeeded in safely bringing over one single plant, the parent stock whence all the vast coffee plantations of America are said to have derived their origin. On examining the present state of coffee production throughout the world, we find that the European markets obtain their chief supplies from Brazil, Java, Ceylon, and the West Indies; but with regard to quality, Mocha coffee, though comparatively insignificant in point of quantity, is still prominent in flavor and aroma. When left to the free growth of nature, the coffee-tree attains a height of from fifteen to twenty feet; in the plantations, however, the tops are generally cut off in order to promote the growth of the lower branches, and to facilitate the gathering of the crop. Its leaves are opposite, evergreen, and not unlike those of the bay-tree; its blossoms are white, sitting on short foot-stalks, and resembling the flower of the jasmine. The fruit which succeeds is a green berry, ripening into red, of the size and form of a large cherry, and having a pale, insipid, and somewhat glutinous pulp, inclosing two hard and oval seeds or beans, which are too well known to require any further description. The seeds of the coffee-tree are known to be ripe when the berries assume a dark red color, and if not then gathered will drop from the trees.

GEORGE ELIOT AS A NOVELIST.

For artistic finish and breadth, taken together, George Eliot has no equal among novelists. Miss Austen rivaled, perhaps excelled her, in the former, and Sir Walter Scott surpassed her in the latter quality; but neither of them even approached her in the combination of the two. Certainly George Eliot can not compare for a moment with Sir Walter Scott in historical portraiture. Savonarola is a mere shadow beside the splendid portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, or James I., or Louis XI., or Charles the Bold, all of which remind one of the full, rich paintings of Titian's days. But with this great exception—of the art of reanimating the past—where, even in Scott, is such a store of faithful and finished pictures of character to be found? Which of Sir Walter's ordinary heroes or heroines—his Ivanhoes and Nevilles, his Rowenas and Isabel Wardours, with plenty of other lay figures of the kind—will compare for truth with Seth Bede, Tom Tulliver, Silas Marner, Tito, or Lydgate, or Dinah, Maggy, Nancy Lameter, and Dorothea? Where are there in George Eliot's stories such fantastic and unreal figures as Fenella in *Peveril of the Peak*, or Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering?* George Eliot paints with Miss Austen's unerring humor and accuracy, and with Sir Walter's masculine breadth. Not only her provincial figures, but almost all her figures, are as good as his Edie Ochiltree and his Councilor Pleydell. She can draw not merely eccentric characters, but perfectly simple and normal characters of to-day, with all the humor and truth that Scott reserved for his special studies. She has Miss Austen's accuracy and instinct combined with a speculative sympathy with various grooves of thought which give depth to the minutiæ of real life, and which enables her to interest the intellect of her readers, as well as to engross their imagination. And these great powers have never been brought out with any thing like the full success achieved in *Middlemarch*. As our author's object in this tale is to show the paralysis, and the misleading diversions from its natural course, which a blunt and unsympathetic world prepares for the noblest ideality of feeling that is not in sympathy with it, it was essential for her to give such a solidity and complexity to her picture of the world by which her hero's and heroine's idealism was to be more or less tested and partly subjugated as would justify the impression that she understood fully the character of the struggle. We doubt if any other novelist who ever wrote could have succeeded equally well in this melancholy design, could have framed as complete a picture of English county and county-town society, with all its rigidities, jealousies, and pettiness, with its thorough good nature, stereotyped habits of thought, and very limited accessibility to higher ideas, and have threaded all these pictures together by a story, if not of the deepest interest, still admirably fitted for its peculiar purpose of showing how unplastic is such an age as ours, so material and unsympathetic in its tendencies and aims, to the glowing emotion of an ideal purpose.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Charles Hallock's *Fishing Tourist*, just published by Harper & Brothers, comes in good season for the opening campaign among the trout and salmon. Mr. Hallock is a gentleman who has had unusual advantages for becoming acquainted with the best fishing grounds in North America, and is amply qualified to serve as a guide to those who may wish to select the most convenient and desirable localities.

A portion of the work has already appeared from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*, but is here extended and systematized. The author confines his attention entirely to the *Salmonidæ*, other kinds of fish, in his opinion, as well as in that of many others, being unworthy the attention of the angler. A list of species of the North American *Salmonidæ* and their geographical distribution is as correct as could be made at the present time with the published data, although the researches now in progress will tend to modify this very considerably.

The necessary outfit for service under all possible circumstances is given by Mr. Hallock, and he states in detail the most desirable regions, many of which, we regret to say, are outside of the limits of the United States, although some of the best are on our own northern border.

An international congress of those interested in Oriental literature is announced by Mr. Leon de Rosny to take place at Paris on the 10th of July next, and numerous invitations to attend it have been sent out to the learned of all parts of the world, including several Americans, whose participation is especially desired. For the sum of twelve francs annually members are admitted to all its privileges, including a copy of the proceedings. The first sessions of the congress are to be especially devoted to Japanese studies, while the others will be occupied with questions of interest to Orientalists in general, and the selection of some point outside of France for the meeting of the next year's congress.

The death of Sir Frederick Madden, head of the manuscript department of the British Museum, is announced in the London journals as having taken place about the middle of March, at the age of seventy-two. This gentleman has been long known as an antiquarian, and has been connected for many years with the British Museum. A long list of works edited or compiled by him attests his industry and zeal; among them Wycliffe's version of the Bible, published by the Clarendon Press in 1850, in three volumes quarto. He also prepared an English edition of the Sylvestre's fac-similes of the writing of all periods and nations. On one occasion the trustees of the British Museum paid 120 guineas for an autograph of Shakspeare, chiefly on the recommendation of Sir Frederick Madden, who stoutly defended his position as to its authenticity against numerous antagonists, who endeavored to prove that the object in question was spurious.

The Livingstone Congo Expedition, according to a communication from the president of the Royal Geographical Society of London, arrived at St. Paul de Loanda on the 20th of January, and commenced preparations for starting to the interior. The other African expedition, under Sir Bartle Frere, had also been organized, and expected to start on its journey toward the end of February. Lieutenant Murphy had joined the party, who were under orders to proceed to Ujiji, and on meeting with Livingstone to place themselves at his service.

The Abbé Colombel, of the Chinese mission, has written to Paris to urge the claims of Shanghai to be included among the stations for the observation of the transit of Venus. The climate of this city is generally moist, but in the month of December the weather is fine. It is suggested that possibly Mr. Janssen may be stationed there on that occasion, as it is understood that he is to go to China for the purpose of observing the transit.

Congress, at its last session, passed an act providing for a board of commissioners to report a system of irrigation for the San Joaquin, Sacramento, and Tulare valleys, in California. The board is to consist of two engineers of the army and one officer of the Coast Survey, who are authorized to associate with them the chief of the Geological Survey of California, and one other civilian distinguished for his knowledge of the subject; these five to constitute the board, whose duty it shall be to make a full report to the President on the best system of irrigation for said valleys, with all necessary plans and details, engineering, statistical, etc., to be transmitted to Congress at its next session. The Secretary of War is to furnish subsistence and transportation to the board while in the field, and the civilian members may receive a compensation not to exceed $2000.

Among other enactments by Congress, is one authorizing the President to cause such experiments to be made and such information to be collected as in his opinion will be useful and important in preventing the bursting of steam-boilers; and the sum of $100,000 is appropriated for the necessary experiments.

The New York *Herald* of April 1 contains a letter from the Isthmus, dated at Chiri Chiri, March 15, giving an account of the operations of the United States ship *Tuscarora* and the scientific party which accompanied it, under the command of Captain Selfridge.

According to the narrator, good progress has been already made toward the solution of the problem of a practical pass, and it was hoped that before the rainy reason set in their labors would be crowned with success. The initial step consisted of a reconnaissance which succeeded in determining the native trail leading from Chiri Chiri over the hills to the eastward, and which proved to run over very high lands, with deep depressions upon either hand. This induced the party to try to find a route by lower levels, with the result of ultimately bringing to light a path to the southwest, crossing at a much lower elevation than any they had been previously able to detect. The indications are, so far, very good, and show that the valley of the Napipi possesses all the requirements for a canal, the existence of a sufficient water supply, a serious problem hitherto, having been satisfactorily determined. A tunnel will doubtless be required on this route, but it is thought that its extent will not be so great as formerly estimated.

Among the rarest of large animals known to naturalists may be mentioned the pigmy hippopotamus of the river St. Paul, in Liberia, described as *H. liberiensis* by Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, many years ago. This weighs only from 400 to 700 pounds, instead of the 2000 or more of the common hippopotamus. It is quite abundant in the river St. Paul, and sometimes strays two or three miles from the water, when it is readily killed by the natives. Like the other hippopotamus, it is dangerous when irritated, but does not attempt to attack the Africans in their canoes.

This animal, although described many years ago, is still very little known, and we believe has never reached Europe alive until quite recently, when a young one, caught in the Great Scarcies River, in Africa, was landed at Liverpool about the middle of March, but died shortly after its transfer to the Zoological Museum of Dublin. Although several months old, it weighed but twenty-three pounds, and measured only two feet in length, while the young hippopotamus born in London weighed at birth ninety-three pounds, with a length of four feet two inches. It is said that the abundance of hippopotamuses in the coast rivers in the neighborhood of Zanzibar renders navigation in small boats quite unsafe, as the animals show an uncomfortable tendency to rise under the vessels and crush them with their tusks.

Mr. Hind, superintendent of the *British Nautical Almanac*, appears to have added another to the known cases of the coincidence of showers of shooting-stars with the passage of the earth near or through a comet. It will be remembered that the meteors of the 12th of November had already been supposed, with good reason, to be a portion of the first comet of 1866, or Tempel's comet, which had at some previous time become separated therefrom. Now, however, Mr. Hind has, with the assistance of Mr. Williams, the secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and an accomplished Chinese scholar, succeeded in tracing the orbit of a comet observed in China in 1366, and in showing its probable connection with a great shower of meteors also observed in that country in October of the same year. The same comet was also observed in 868 both in Europe and China.

The systematic reappearance of the November meteors at intervals of about 33.3 years was first demonstrated by Professor Newton, of Yale College, who also thus gave the first clew to their real nature. Mr. Hind's research is valuable in adding not only another ancient date, as preserved in the chronicles of China, but especially in having ascertained the date at which Tempel's comet was seen both as a comet and as a star shower, very much as has recently happened to Biela's comet.

Congress at its last session passed an act to establish the custom-house value of the pound sterling at four dollars eighty-six cents and six and a half mills, in all payments to the Treasury, whether made here or in foreign countries, and provided that all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this should be repealed.

The Cincinnati Observatory, founded by Professor Mitchell, is, we learn, to be removed, and established in a manner worthy the wealth of Cincinnati. From the drawings that we have been permitted to see it may be judged that the dome of the new building will be thirty-five feet in diameter in the inside, or the largest of the kind in the world. Of course such a structure will be too expensive to be made a plaything; and if the telescope be proportionately large, Cincinnati may yet rival Washington in its superiority.

We understand from Professor Abbe, of the Weather Bureau of the Army Signal-office, who, it will be remembered, continued until lately to be the director of the observatory at Cincinnati, that in 1871 the Astronomical Society, in conjunction with the heirs of Nicholas Longworth, presented to that city the former valuable site on Mount Adams, as well as the instruments and library of the original observatory, on condition that the city agree to maintain the institution for scientific purposes, and in some new and appropriate location. The new site was highly approved of by Professor Abbe, and was presented by John Kilgour, Esq., who also added thereto the sum of ten thousand dollars to provide for the new building, this being an element in the improvement of a large area of land that he has laid out as a beautiful suburban park. The observatory is now under the control of the Board of Trustees of the University of Cincinnati, a body of about twenty men, who are authorized to mould into a homogeneous institution the numerous bequests that the city has received at various times for educational purposes.

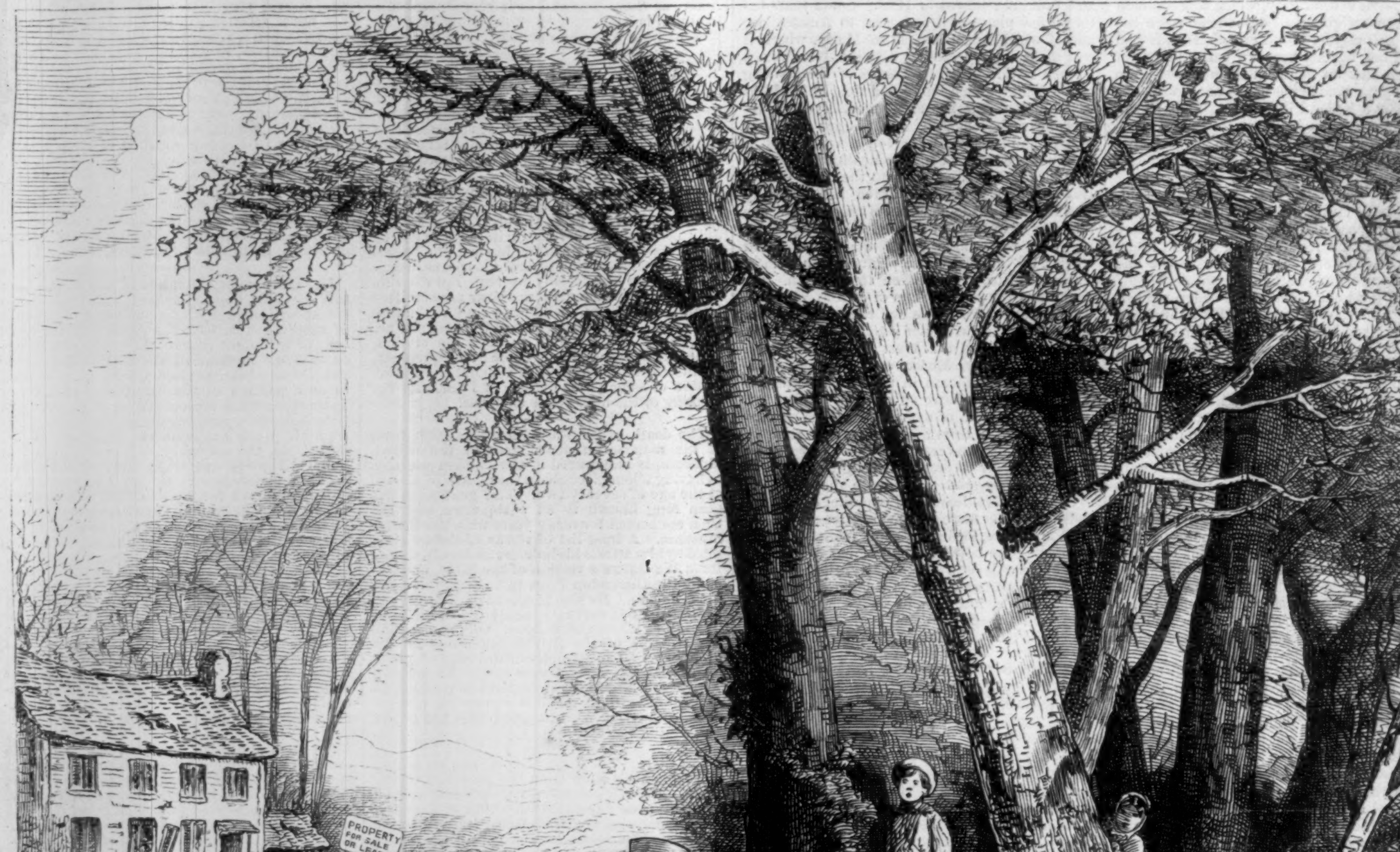
Professor Newcomb's *New Tables of the Motions of Uranus* are announced as already in the press, and may be expected to be published during the approaching summer. They have been prepared and will be printed at the expense of the Smithsonian Institution. The first recorded observation of Uranus was made by Flamstead in 1690, who, however, considered the star as fixed. It was Sir William Herschel who, by the power of his telescopes, first saw its planetary disk, and by its movements proved it to be really a member of the solar system. The observed movements of Uranus, however, differed to so great a degree from those predicted by the theory of gravitation that a certain mystery hung about it until Leverrier in France and Adams in England showed that the planet was subject to the attraction of a more distant planetary body, whose position these geometers predicted with sufficient accuracy to allow of the actual discovery of the new planet, Neptune. Professor Newcomb has already, by using all known observations of Neptune, compiled the very accurate tables for computing the motions of that planet that have been used in the *American Nautical Almanac*. Having thus provided for the most distant member of our system, he has now returned to Uranus, and finds that his present tables (which will complete the survey of the solar system) represent quite completely the hitherto inexplicable movements of that body. There remains, therefore, but slight prospect that there exists a still more distant undiscovered planet of any considerable mass.

COUNTRY HOMES.

THE rapid encroachments of business increase year by year the number of families leaving New York to look for permanent homes in the smaller cities and villages within easy reach of the metropolis. The exodus is not confined to the summer months, when a country residence may be sought for the sake of health, or as a pleasant change from the heat, dust, and bustle of the great city. With the progress of the means of rapid transit, settlement after settlement has sprung up on Long Island, in New Jersey, on both sides of the Hudson above New York, and on the shores of the Sound, until the country within fifty miles of the city is dotted with beautiful and thriving villages, into which our crowded population has overflowed. The growth of the city has already embraced several villages in Westchester County, and threatens the absorption of others; but the two rivers which insulate the metropolis avert this danger from the New Jersey and the Long Island suburban retreats, which will long remain places of refuge for those who prefer rural to city life.

In selecting a country residence great care must be exercised in the choice of situation, regard being paid to the healthfulness as well as to the beauty of the landscape and to the means of access. There are many places within an hour's ride or sail of New York which to the eye possess every attraction which could make a residence desirable. But the air may be laden with deadly malaria, and the pleasures of evening rambles or rides may be followed by months, and it may be years, of disease and suffering. This evil, however, is gradually passing away as the country comes under more perfect culture, and the wet lands are more carefully drained, and before many years it will probably entirely disappear. It may be remarked, in passing, as a curious feature, that if the word of our suburban cousins may be depended on, that scourge of country life, fever and ague, is entirely unknown any where in the vicinity of New York. It is always in the "next town;" but there the anxious inquirer is informed that he must go still further in search of it, and he is too often left to discover its lurking-place by direful experience.

It is not safe to rely on the flattering tales of advertisements. Our sketch on this page shows a party of confiding city folks who have been allured into some rural region near New York to examine a "residence" which was doubtless depicted to them in the most glowing colors. They were to find it a perfect paradise, with wood and water, and every other landscape charm which the imagination could invent. But they have evidently found a paradise in embryo, or, rather, in chaos. It is altogether too "truly rural." The sketch is not at all exaggerated, as too many of our readers know from their own experience.


PROPERTY FOR SALE OR LEASE
BELLEW

A COUNTRY RESIDENCE—ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

The truth is in regard to conntry life, let poets rave as they will about its charms, that to enjoy it thoroughly we must carry into the country as many city comforts and conveniences as we can. "God made the country, but man made the town," says the poet of *The Task;* but, as Dr. HOLMES pertinently suggests, we might as reasonably disparage the builder's art because "God made the cavern, but man made the house." Who that has waded through muddy country roads has not longed for the firm pavement of city streets? It is all very well in imagination to lie on the grass under the shade of overbranching trees, but a good wide piazza, with easy lounging chairs, is less provocative of rheumatic pains and colds in the head, and asthma and "the shakes." In fact, the poetry of unadulterated rural life exists chiefly in poetry, and the very poets who most enthusiastically chant its praises spend their lives in crowded cities.

Fortunately for the thousands of our citizens who are compelled to seek houses outside the limits of New York, modern improvements and conveniences are to be found in nearly all the towns and villages within easy reach of the metropolis. Well-paved and well-lighted streets, gas and water and furnaces in the better class of houses, enable one to enjoy the advantages of the city with the freedom and healthfulness and comparative cheapness of the country. Every year will increase these advantages, and multiply and cheapen the means of reaching them. The completion of the suspension-bridge over the East River will give a great impetus to the improvement of villages on Long Island, and bring them into still closer relations to the great city.

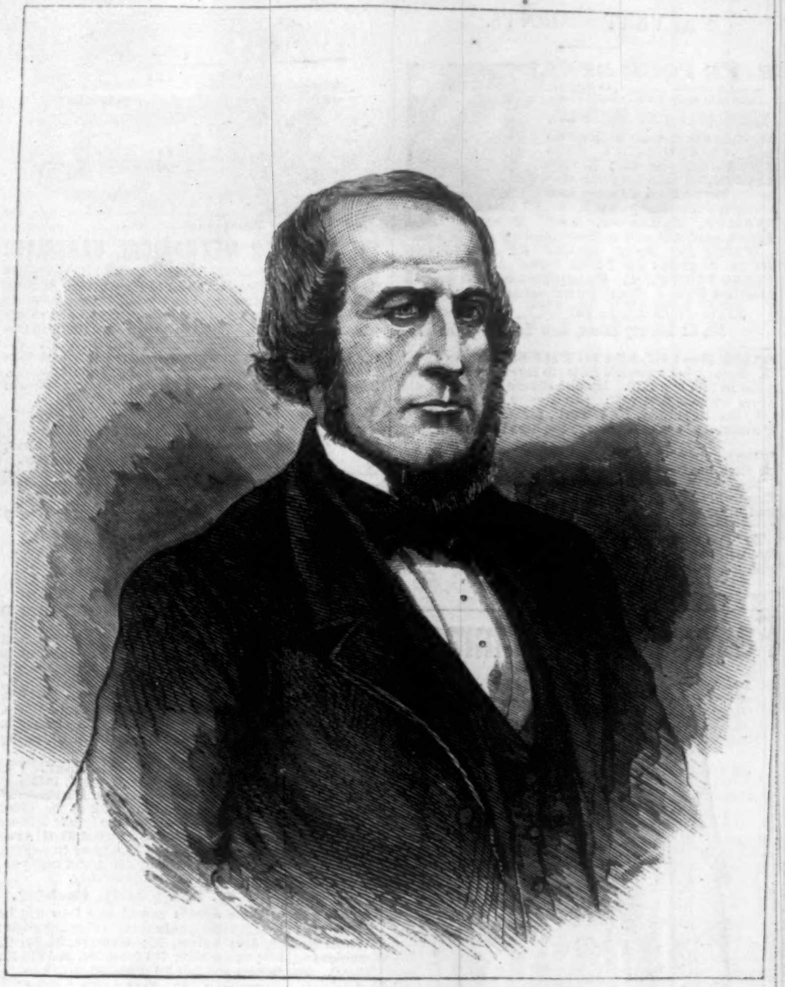
THE LATE HON. JAMES BROOKS.

The death of the Hon. James Brooks, which took place at Washington on the last day of April, has removed another member from the fraternity of editors whose names have been connected with the early history and the development of the New York press. Mr. Brooks was born in Portland, Maine, on the 10th of November, 1810. At the age of eleven he became a clerk in a drug store, but at sixteen he exchanged the mortar and pestle for the school-master's desk. He graduated with honor at Waterville College, Maine, at the age of twenty-one, then studied law, but finally decided to make journalism his profession, his first engagement being with the Portland *Advertiser*.

In 1834 Mr. Brooks was elected to the Legislature of his native State. During the following year he made the tour of the British Islands and the Continent on foot, and his familiar letters to the Portland *Advertiser*, descriptive of scenes, peoples, and personal experiences, were among the most charming contributions of the kind ever made to the press. Returning to this country, he prepared for the great undertaking of his life, the establishment of a newspaper in New York. It was a hazardous and daring enterprise. Mr. Brooks was then but twenty-five years old, without capital or influential friends, and with a powerful competition against him. But his courage and enterprise were equal to the occasion, and in a short time the New York *Daily Express* gained a high and permanent place among metropolitan journals. The *Express* was an influential Whig journal until the formation of the Republican party, when the political convictions of its editor carried it over to the Democratic side.

In 1847 Mr. Brooks was elected a member of the New York Legislature, and from 1849 to 1853 he was a Representative in Congress from New York city, serving on the Committee on Public Lands. In 1863 he again took a seat in Congress, to which he was elected by the Democratic party as the Representative of the Eighth District in this city. He was again nominated in 1864, and was awarded the certificate of election, but the seat was successfully contested by Mr. William E. Dodge. Mr. Brooks was re-elected in 1868, 1870, and in 1872, each time by a large majority.

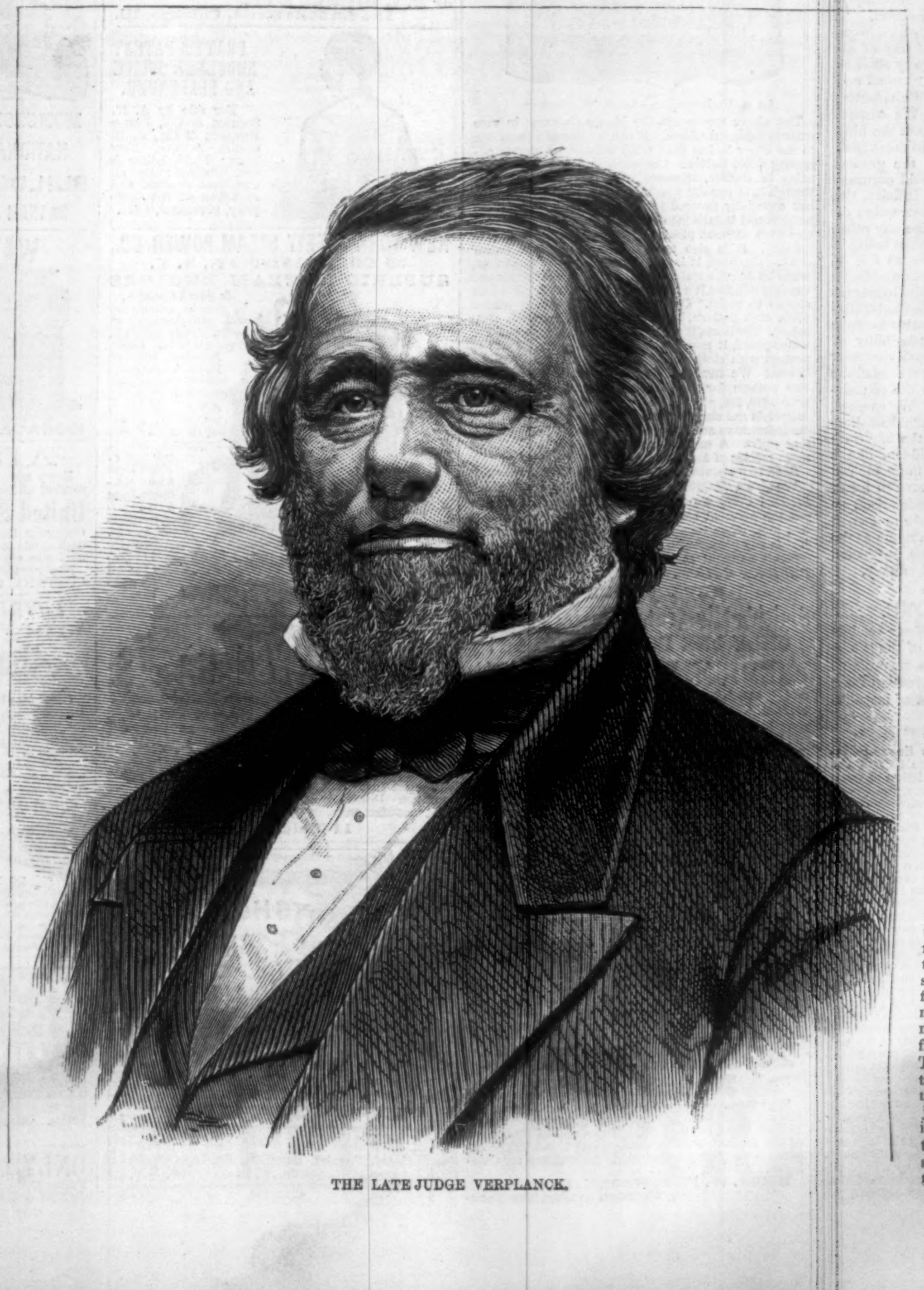
The political career of Mr. Brooks was marked by several party changes. Starting as a Whig, he co-operated heartily with the short-lived "Know-Nothing" party; on its collapse he returned to his former associations, and at length, as already stated, cast in his lot with the Democracy, with whom he steadily acted to the day of his death. He was an industrious, practical legislator, but not a statesman of enlarged views. The better part of his energies was expended in combating those influences and measures which have delivered the country from the reproach of human servitude, and restored millions of our countrymen to the rights of free citizens. His position with regard to the recent Crédit Mobilier investigation need not here be dwelt upon, as the circumstances connected with it are still fresh in the minds of our readers. In private life he was highly esteemed as a genial, cultivated man. For a number of weeks past Mr. Brooks has been in a precarious state of health, and recently traveled in the South in the hope of restoration. A short time since he returned to Washington, and sank gradually, until he passed peacefully away, in the sixty-third year of his age.



THE LATE HON. JAMES BROOKS.

THE LATE JUDGE VERPLANCK.

The late Isaac A. Verplanck, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Buffalo, who died in that city on the 15th ult., was one of the foremost men of Western New York. From almost the day on which he attained his majority, forty years ago, he has been prominently in public life. For several years he was District-Attorney of Genesee County. He was also selected by the United States government to negotiate treaties with the Indian tribes living on the borders of Lake Superior—a duty he discharged with marked ability. In 1847 he removed to Buffalo, and entered upon the practice of his profession. In 1854, when the Superior Court of that city was organized, he was elected one of its three justices, was twice re-elected, and at the time of his decease was its Chief Justice. In the words of a gentleman who knew him long and well, "Judge Verplanck was a remarkable man; we need scarcely hesitate to pronounce him a great man. He was great by virtue of the broad scope and marvelous quickness of his mind and inherent nobility of character. No man of whom we have ever had any knowledge in this city was his match in that mental alertness, that splendid intuition, which always outstrips the slower movement of more logical minds. He reached accurate results with lightning speed, and as if by inspiration. He moved upon his object by pathways of his own, and with a directness which was a mystery to himself, as such mental facility always is to its possessor. We do not believe he ever attempted an elaborate written opinion in his life, yet his decisions were as a front of adamant to legal reviewers and appellate courts. He gave results, but the mental process by which he reached them would be as difficult for him to trace out as it would be for the poet to tell how he came by his knowledge of the human heart or those things that are hidden away from ordinary sight in the arcana of Nature. It is true that there was a certain apparent slowness which rendered him at times tardy in grappling with a subject. This was due to his physical temperament, which did not admit of much pliancy; but his mind was ceaseless in its activity, and when once it was centred, its work was instantaneous. He saw a subject on all sides, and no prejudice was ever allowed to come between him and his sense of justice. It was this quickness and comprehensiveness of mind that was Judge Verplanck's leading quality, as we conceive it. As a lawyer he was most successful in counsel; but it was as a jurist that his great abilities appeared at their best. Nature had ordained him to be a dispenser of justice, and no man ever held the scales more evenly than he. His judicial integrity was incorruptible, and his dearest friends never dared approach him with a question of policy, with a view to securing a modification of his opinion as a judge. Once resolved, he was the incarnation of inflexibility. He could weep like a woman even while he passed the most terrible sentence of the law upon some ill-fated fellow-being, but his feeling never swerved his conscience by a hair's-breadth."



THE LATE JUDGE VERPLANCK.

FACTS ABOUT FIGURES.

Most nations have, more or less perfectly, followed a decimal system. Nature seems to have taught her children almost instinctively to count with their fingers. Hence it has been taught by some that the very word finger is connected with the root of five, and digit with ten. In counting on the fingers it may be observed that some people are in the habit of using both hands, others only one. The one method contains the root of the denary scale, the other of the far less common and less convenient quinary. There are a few traces to be found of the third natural scale—the vicenary, derived from the number of fingers and toes taken together. If any nation ever did follow out the vicenary system, we may be sure that their toes were more agile than ours are wont to be—not cramped and deformed by wearing boots. Results of treating twenty as a base are seen in the English expression "a score," and the French "quatre-vingt."

It is very remarkable that though every nation of the civilized world has more or less, whether in ancient or modern times, adopted ten as its standard, not one in forming its numerals has been perfectly consistent. Especially have most languages a difficulty in getting over eleven and twelve without a sacrifice of consistency. Whether eleven means one-ten, or one-left-over, it is clear that we have gone to a different root for the first syllable. And both these numerals are formed on a different plan to thirteen, etc. The French are far less symmetrical. From eleven to sixteen they are content to hint at the element ten by the termination -ze. Then they transpose, and proceed with the ten first. Twenty to sixty are pretty much on one model, but seventy changes, and eighty is vicenary. However, septante is quite a common provincialism, and octante has been found. The Spanish diez y seis (sixteen) interrupts our numeral sooner than the French; setenta and ochenta are regular. The plan of the German numerals is so nearly that of the English that only one remark may be made. If Bopp is right, the English -ty in twenty, etc., is not ten, but a Sanscrit suffix. In that case we are nearer to the original Aryan than are the Germans in zwan-zig.

Turning to the Latin numerals, we find eleven and twelve formed with almost perfect regularity; only *undecim* is formed from the root of *unus*, *duodecim* by joining the ordinary form of the second numeral to the modified termination *decim*. All goes smooth to seventeen; then we have a new form, *duodeviginti* (eighteen); nineteen is *undeviginti*. It is remarkable that this hardly differs from the Sanscrit, ûnavinshati. The Greeks form eleven and twelve on a different pattern to thirteen, etc., omitting the conjunction in the one case, inserting it in the other. Their thirteen is compounded, rather absurdly, with the adverb, thrice and ten. Their eighteen and nineteen accord with ours rather, and differ from the Sanscrit and Latin pattern. Their twenty and thirty have a different termination.

In Turkish there is a trace of the quinary scale. One to five are monosyllables; six to nine dissyllables and compounds. For the rest they follow the denary scale learned from the Arabs. Eleven and twelve are perfectly regular, and so on to twenty. Here another remnant of quinary influence. Twenty to fifty are words having no connection with the simple numerals, but sixty to ninety are modified from six, etc., to nine. Something of the same kind has been observed in the numerals of certain South Sea Islanders, perhaps not disconnected with similarity of origin. Max Müller counts these languages akin to the Turanian stock, of which Turkish is the usual example, though surely many Turkish forms approach very closely to inflection.

THE INFLUENCE OF NAMES.

It is worth observing that the shrewdness of the world has given a certain elasticity to the moral influence of names by inventing a good many different modifications of them, and modifications with very various *nuances*, especially in the case of women. You can't have a much wider range than is contained, for instance, in Elizabeth, Eliza, Betty, Betsy, Bessy, and Bess; Elizabeth with a *z*, again, being really distinct in moral effect from Elisabeth with an *s*. No one would dream of spelling the name of St. Elisabeth—Mr. Kingsley's heroine—with a *z*; the hard, grinding sound of the *z* would be altogether inconsistent with her essence. But Elisabeth with an *s* should be fair and feminine, with something, perhaps, a little secret and brooding in her nature. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth's name should always have the *z*—both for the sake of the hardness and imperiousness it gives, and for the sake, somehow, of the touch of awkwardness and coarseness it throws in. This is the direction in which it has developed into the familiarities of Betsy and Betty, the former clumsy, but shrewd, homely, and trustworthy, the latter loud and fast. Lady Betty used to be a common name enough in the aristocracy at one time, but it must have tended to make all its owners vulgar talkers and managers. And just as Elizabeth was degraded into Betsy and Betty, so Elisabeth was familiarized into Bessy and Bess, both fond names, the former suggesting a touch of weakness, the latter, like all monosyllabic names, suggesting a want of atmosphere about the character, but also implying a certain practical brevity and decision.

Is the enormous string of names which royal personages usually assume a sort of way of asserting for themselves that their dignity shall be independent of name by providing a channel and opening, as it were, for any possible characteristic in some appropriate name? We suspect the practice must have originated from the kind of feeling which made some American theologian exult in the Athanasian Creed, on the ground that the more contradictions you could accumulate in the attempt to express the Infinite, the nearer your mind would rise to a conception of the Infinite. It is difficult to imagine any other conceivable reason for burying a human being in such a string of names, for instance, as this of the King of Saxony, "Jean-Népomucène-Marie-Joseph-Antoine-Xavier-Vincent-Louis-Gonzague-François-de-Paule-Stanislas-Bernard-Paul-Félix-Damans." The only conceivable motive for such a name could be to prevent any possibility of limiting the development of the royal character in one single direction by providing an indefinite number of moral conduit pipes for the conceivable variety of the royal qualities. We suspect, however, that a good deal of the actual mediocrity of reigning families is due to the labyrinth of names in which the baby is hidden, like a moth in a silk cocoon. It takes more mental energy than most human infants have to break your way out of such a verbal palace-prison as that. It must be very like being born in a wood to find yourself at the core of such a name as the Saxon king's when you come to the possession of the very limited consciousness of infancy.

JOSH WARD OUTDONE.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement on this page of the "Mechanical Oarsman." Owing to its remarkable ingenuity and attractiveness, this invention must for a long time stand first in the list of instructive toys.—[*Com.*]

Another Triumph for the Wilson Sewing-Machine Co.—At the Seventh Grand State Fair of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Louisiana, held April 23, 1873, at New Orleans, the world-renowned celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machines were awarded a Gold Medal for the best sewing-machines, and *five separate premiums* for the best work done on sewing-machines, thus making *Forty-one Premiums, Nine Medals, and Three Diplomas* that have been awarded to the Wilson Machines within a year. It is a notorious fact that, without a single exception, the Wilson Sewing-Machine Co. has sent its machines to every State Fair and Exposition in this country and Europe, where awards were offered to the best sewing-machines, in order to show the great people of the world that the "Wilson" is not only better than all others, but that it has the ability, capital, and pluck to defeat and humiliate the combined force of nineteen competitors, all of whom have fought the Wilson Machine, inch by inch, to prevent it from getting a foothold in the American market, and to compel the Wilson Sewing-Machine Co., by their formidable competition, to raise the price of the Wilson Machines to that at which theirs are sold for, or else go out of the market entirely. But the people of America are with the Wilson Machine, and are too intelligent to be imposed upon by misrepresentation regarding the merits of a machine which, without exception, has excelled all competitors in every contest, and been so decided by an intelligent board of arbitrators. There are, we hope, but very few people so ignorant as to be imposed upon by misrepresentation, and then pay the imposter at least fifteen dollars for his success. The Wilson Sewing-Machine Co. have warehouses in every city in the civilized globe. Go and see their wonderful machines. Salesroom in New York at 707 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SAVE YOUR EYES,
RESTORE your SIGHT,
THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES,
By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYE-SIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes.
WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE. **Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to**
DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.)
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.

THE Best ELASTIC TRUSS, without metal springs, is Pomeroy's Elastic Rupture Belt, patented in 1871 and 1873. No one should buy an Elastic Truss without first writing to Messrs. POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York, for full particulars. **Pomeroy's Trusses** are the best in the world.

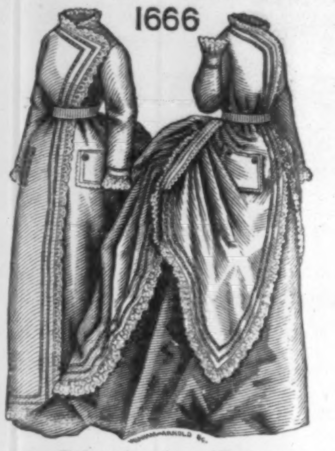
The names of victories may be erased from our battle-flags, but **SILVER-TIPPED** Shoes will never become obsolete. They are a nattonal institution.

To have comfort and health wear Boots and Shoes that will not leak and are pliable; such only are made with the **CABLE SCREW WIRE.**
Try them. All bear the Patent Stamp.

Fashions for Summer.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by A. Burdette Smith, in the Office of the Librarian, at Washington, D. C.

1666



As a Polonaise—As a Wrapper.

The above represents the Magic Costume in two entirely different toilets. It can be changed from one to the other in *less* than ONE minute, by simply adjusting ONE button. One view is a full-dress Polonaise in Batiste, trimmed with lace and insertion, though it is equally adapted to any kind of material, but especially favored for *wash goods*, because when unbuttoned it falls into a beautifully-shaped wrapper (see Cut) without pleat or gather, making it easy to laundry. It is also used for water-proof or ladies' cloth. Elevated, it is a Polonaise or Redingote; or, when let down, a water-proof cloak. The traveler and voyager will find it a necessary convenience. It is very simple to make. Complete instructions are printed upon each pattern, besides a **Cloth Model.** (*See below*). For linen, it requires 6½ yards of 36-inch. For water-proof, it requires 5 yards. All sizes. Price of pattern with cloth model, *One Dollar.* (See Premium below.) We furnish **Linen** or **Batiste** made by this pattern for $5, $8, $10, $15, $20, $30. In Water-proof, $10, $12, $15, $20, $25. We are putting in better materials and charging less price by the *single suit* than manufacturers are charging by the dozen for *last summer styles.* A sample card of goods will be mailed upon receipt of *ten cents.*

Send two stamps for Catalogue of Patterns.

We give a *CLOTH MODEL* with each pattern, which *SHOWS* every seam, pleat, gather, loop, &c., how to put the garment together by the pattern, and how it will look when completed. By the use of our *Cloth Models* any person who can sew can *FINISH* the most difficult garment as easy as the plainest. They are *PERFECT GUIDES.*

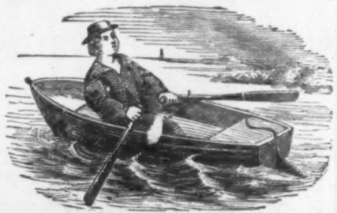
SUBSCRIBE FOR
Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazar.
ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!

PREMIUM. **Every** subscriber is entitled to select Patterns to the value of **ONE DOLLAR, FREE.** By enclosing **ONE DOLLAR** and Stamp to A. BURDETTE SMITH, you will be made a **YEARLY SUBSCRIBER,** and the pattern of the above engraving, with a **Cloth Model,** will be mailed to you **FREE! OR,** if you prefer to select your premium after you receive the Bazar, he will mail to you a receipt for your subscription, and a **"PREMIUM COUPON,"** which will entitle you to select patterns to the value of **ONE** dollar **FREE** at any time. When you send your subscription, please state *which you prefer.*

Address **A. BURDETTE SMITH,**
Smith's Pattern Bazar, 914 Broadway,
P. O. Box 5055. New York.

BASE-BALL PLAYERS.
Uniforms, Belts, Caps, Shoes, Spikes, Bats, Balls, Bases, Score-Books.
NEW STYLES. 1873.
Base-Ball Colored Fashion Sheet, with Catalogue. By mail, 10 cents. Our Professional Red Dead Ball. Sample by mail, postpaid, $1 50. PECK & SNYDER,
126 Nassau St., N. Y.

20 Sheets of Choice Music, $1 00.
Why throw away money on high-priced Music when you can select from our Catalogue of 700 pieces? Any 20 Half-Dime, or 10 of Dime Series mailed on receipt of One Dollar. Sold by all booksellers, and can be ordered through any newsdealer. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
439 Third Avenue, New York.



Patented Feb. 9th, 1869.

THE WARNER MECHANICAL OARSMAN.
A complete Miniature Oarsman. The figure pulls the boat on any common sheet of water, from 20 to 25 rods at a single winding, exactly imitating a genuine oarsman. The boat is over a foot long, and has an adjustable rudder, enabling it to be run straight or in circles. Splendid toy for fountains, bath-tubs, &c. All the inconvenience and danger common to steam toys avoided. For sale by all Toy and Fancy Goods dealers. Samples sent by Express on receipt of prices, as follows:
Single Oarsman (one figure), . . . $3 00.
Double " (two figures), . . . 5 00.
Address **IVES & BLAKESLEE,**
Manufacturers of Patented Mechanical Toys,
Bridgeport, Conn.

10,000 GIFTS,
$500,000

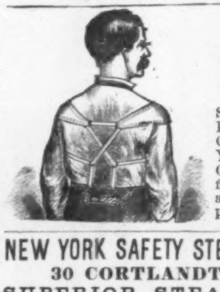
On TUESDAY, JULY 8th, 1873, the THIRD GRAND GIFT CONCERT, under the management of Ex-Governor Thos. E. Bramlette, and authorized by special act of the Legislature, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, positively and unequivocally comes off in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky., when 10,000 Gifts, all cash, amounting to $500,000, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders. The money to pay all these gifts in full is already in bank, and set aside for that purpose, as the following certificate shows:

Office of Farmers' and Drovers' Bank,
Louisville, Ky., April 7, 1873.

This is to certify that there is in the **Farmers' and Drovers' Bank,** to the credit of the Third Grand Gift Concert for the benefit of the Public Library of Ky., **Five Hundred Thousand Dollars,** which has been set apart by the Managers to pay the gifts in full, and will be held by the Bank and paid out for this purpose, and this purpose only.

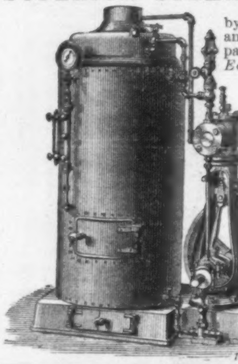
(Signed), **R. S. VEECH, Cashier.**

Only a few tickets remain unsold, and they will be furnished to the first applicants at the following prices: Whole tickets, $10; halves, $5; quarters, $2.50; 11 wholes for $100; 56 for $500; 113 for $1000, and 575 for $5,000. For tickets and full information, apply to
THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Louisville, Ky.
or THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
609 Broadway, New York.
or F. I. DIBBLE & CO.,
154 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

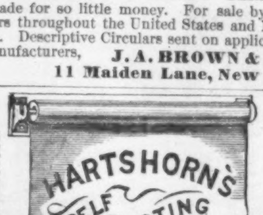


PRATT'S PATENT SHOULDER BRACE AND SUSPENDER.
For sale by A. T. Stewart & Co., Porter Brothers & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., New York; Field, Leiter & Co., Chicago; by all first-class dealers, and at Office of the Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW YORK SAFETY STEAM POWER CO.,
30 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y.
SUPERIOR STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS,
by special machinery and duplication of parts. They are *Safe, Economical, Easily Managed,* and not liable to *derangement.* Their COMBINED ENGINE AND BOILER is peculiarly adapted to all purposes requiring small power. More than 400 engines, from 2 to 100 horse-power, in use. Send for Illustrated Circular.



THE LADD PATENT STIFFENED
GOLD WATCH CASES,
For Movements of American Manufacture,
In Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Boys' Sizes, and in Mansard, Dome, and Flat Styles. The most elegant, durable, popular, and the
BEST GOLD WATCH CASES
ever made for so little money. For sale by leading Jewelers throughout the United States and New Dominion. Descriptive Circulars sent on application by the manufacturers, **J. A. BROWN & CO.,**
11 Maiden Lane, New York.



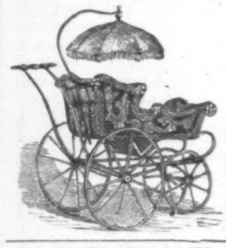
HARTSHORN'S
SELF ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11TH '64.

No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.
486 Broadway,
Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.
Sent to the trade.
MODELS AND TERMS

NORTH.
WEST.
A NEW AND GOOD BOOK FOR AGENTS.
National. Popular. Beautiful. Send for Circular.
Johnson, Wilson, & Co., 27 Beekman St., N. Y.
EAST.
SOUTH.

WEBSTER'S PATENT
Button-hole Worker.
Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.

It is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented!* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last a lifetime. Does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. Over eleven thousand sold during the first week of their introduction. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, together with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.



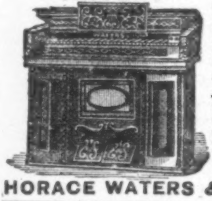
PROTECT your Child's Eye-sight. Novelty Carriage Cradle and Carriage Combined, with Patent Adjustable Canopy. Recommended by the Medical Faculty.
☞ **Price $18 00.**
Send for circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Old Style Perambulators from $9 00. Cut this out for future reference.

TELEGRAPHY.
A necessary part of every person's education in this advanced age is the art of Telegraphing. Apply to the undersigned for **Smith's Manual of Telegraphy,** the best work published on this subject. PRICE, THIRTY CENTS. Also, for every description of Telegraphic Instruments and Battery; Nitro Chromic Battery for Electroplating.
L. G. TILLOTSON & CO., 8 Dey St., New York.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT.
1000 Working Drawings.
Plans, Details,
Specifications & estimates
Twelve Dollars post-p'd

MONCTON'S NATIONAL BUILDER.
1000 Diagrams, illustrating all branches of Constructive Carpentry, Roofing, Framing, Stair-building, & Handrailing.
Twelve Dollars, post-paid.
ORANGE JUDD & CO., 245 BROADWAY, N. Y.

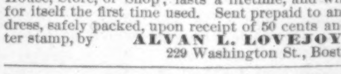
WATERS'



LATEST STYLES of ORGANS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, $55, $75, & Double REED ORGANS $100, $125 *and upwards. The* **best** *manufactured;* **fully** *warranted.* **Monthly** *or* **quarterly** *payments received.* **ORGANS TO LET.** *Illustrated Catalogues mailed. Warerooms,* **481** *B'way,*
HORACE WATERS & SON, *New York.*

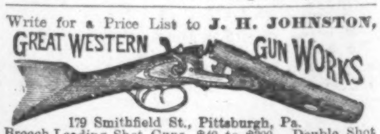
ADVANTAGE.
Every advantage to be gained in Life Insurance is secured under policies of the old
United States Life Insurance Co.
Chartered 1850. Cash assets, $4,000,000. **$124 02** cash assets to every $100 liabilities. The most favorable terms are made with successful Agents. Try us.
Apply to the UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 261-2-3 Broadway, N. Y. City.

LOVEJOY'S GLASS-CUTTER,
WITH PUTTY-KNIFE COMBINED.



Cuts glass better than a diamond; is useful in every House, Store, or Shop; lasts a lifetime, and will pay for itself the first time used. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of 50 cents and letter stamp, by **ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,**
229 Washington St., Boston.

Write for a Price List to **J. H. JOHNSTON,**



179 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $40 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $3 to $150. Single Guns, $3 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers, $6 to $25. Pistols, $1 to $8. Gun Material, Fishing Tackle, &c. *Large discounts to dealers or clubs.* Army Guns, Revolvers, etc., bought or traded for. Goods sent by express C.O.D. to be examined before paid for.

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

Fifteen years without a failure, to cure all the worst forms of Piles, Leprosy, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, and all diseases of the Skin, and the greatest Blood Purifier ever discovered. Entirely vegetable. In case of failure, I thank all to send to me, or my Agents, and take back their money. Sold every where. $1 a bottle. Send for Circulars.
H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.

ONLY 10 CTS. for two numbers of the new illustrated paper, My Own Fireside. A $5 Chromo and the paper only $1 a year. JONES & HADLEY, Publishers, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

MAHOGANY,

WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, RED & SPANISH CEDAR,

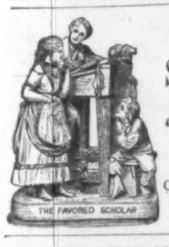
AND ALL KINDS

Hard-Wood Lumber,

In PLANK, BOARDS, & VENEERS.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,

Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis St., cor. 6th, E.R.
Branch Salesrooms, 170 and 172 Centre St., N. Y.
☞ Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.
☞ Inclose 3c. stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.



ROGERS'

GROUPS OF

STATUARY.

From $10 to $25.

"The Favored Scholar,"

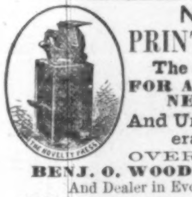
A New Group, Price $18.

Inclose Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

SALE BY AUCTION OF THE NEW ORLEANS, MOBILE and Texas Railroad—Circuit Court of the United States, District of Louisiana—Henry J. Gardner and Peter Butler vs. New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad Company—No. 6,958.—Pursuant to a decree rendered in the Circuit Court aforesaid, at the term of said Court commencing the first Monday of November last, and under the authority of said Court, and to carry into execution the terms of a deed of trust or mortgage executed by the said corporation, bearing date on the 5th of March, A. D. 1869, to the plaintiffs in said cause, and filed in the proceedings of the suit aforesaid to secure by the terms of the same four thousand bonds of one thousand dollars each, of a uniform series, with coupons attached of forty dollars each, payable the first day of April and October of each year, and upon which mortgage or deed there is due the sum of four millions, three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, as declared in the decree in said cause. The undersigned trustees, under the supervision and direction of the undersigned masters appointed in the decree, will, on Friday, the sixth day of June, 1873, in the city of New Orleans, in front of the postoffice of the said city between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M. and three o'clock P. M., proceed to sell the following property described in the said mortgage or deed in four separate parcels, as hereinafter described, at public auction for cash to the highest bidder. First, all that portion of the main line of the railroad of the said New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad Company, located or to be located between the cities of New Orleans and Mobile, and within the said cities and upon the lands, buildings, machinery, rolling stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights and privileges pertaining and exclusively belonging to said portion of the main line of the said railroad, and separately used with the same and branches and roads connecting thereunto, including all the depots, station-houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, storehouses, wharves, warehouses, wood houses, machine shops, repair shops, business offices and other shops, offices and buildings now owned or possessed by said corporation, together with the superstructure and iron rails and its appurtenances, rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, machinery, steamboats, tugboats, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, and other personal property and stock in connecting roads used as aforesaid, and the ferry rights across the Mississippi river. Second, all that portion of the road commencing at the point Westwego, opposite the city of New Orleans, on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and extending along the track of road for a distance of seventy miles, with all the rights of the said corporation in the said portion of the main line; together with the lands, buildings, machinery, stock and other real and personal property, and the franchises, tolls, rights, privileges pertaining add exclusively belonging to the said portion of the said road, and separately used with the same, and including depots, station houses, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, store houses, wharves, warehouses, sheds, machine shops, offices and buildings, in connection with the said portion of road west of Mississippi river, together with the superstructure, iron rails and appurtenances; also, the rolling stock, engines, cars, tenders, tools, steamboats, machinery, and other boats and vessels, and their tackle, apparel and furniture, fuel, materials and other personal property appertaining to and used with the constructing, repairing or carrying on the business of this portion of the road separately and exclusively. Third, all that portion of the main line of said road, located or to be located from the point on the road seventy miles from Westwego, and extending westerly through the State of Louisiana to the Sabine river, with all the lands, buildings, rights of way, superstructions, franchises, tolls, privileges, depots, stations, or other rights of way of the said corporation, or which may be held or conveyed by the said trustees or under this decree with the connecting roads, either located or surveyed or to be located and surveyed, in the State of Louisiana, and which appertains to the said road or connecting roads or branch roads of that portion of the said road within the said State. Fourth, all of the road from the Sabine river to the city of Houston, in the State of Texas, with all the lands, right of way, superstructions, buildings, depots, stations, station houses, shops, rolling stock, machinery, materials, appertaining or belonging to the line of road from the Sabine river aforesaid to the city of Houston and exclusively belonging to the same, and any other real and personal property, franchises, rights of way, tolls, grants of privileges not herein described, and which are included in the said deed, and it is to be understood that the sale under this deed of trust and the decree herein mentioned is to be subject to a deed of trust bearing date the first day of January, 1869, by the said corporation to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, trustees, which affects that portion of the said road and property before mentioned, lying within the cities of New Orleans and Mobile and between the said cities, and is not to impair in any manner the incumbrance aforesaid or the rights under the said deed. The said mortgage or deed to said parties being made to secure a uniform series of bonds of four thousand in number, and each for one thousand dollars, with interest coupons attached of forty dollars each, payable semi-annually on the 1st of January and July of each year, and bearing even date with the mortgage, and which is referred to in the said mortgage or deed of trust to the plaintiff in this suit. And it is further understood that the property included in the second and third or other parcels above described being the property lying westerly of the city of New Orleans and the Mississippi river, in the States of Louisiana and Texas, shall be subject to the mortgages or deeds of trust executed by the said corporation under the power reserved in the deed mortgage of trust described in the proceedings in this cause to issue bonds to an amount in the aggregate not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars per mile for each mile of the railroad or railroads constructed west of the Mississippi river, which power has been executed by the said corporation by the execution of a mortgage executed to Oakes Ames and Edwin D. Morgan, dated the 15th day of March, 1870, whereby an issue of bonds to the amount of twelve thousand five hundred dollars per mile was provided for upon all the tract of road in the State of Louisiana, and the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for all of the track west of the Louisiana line and lying in the State of Texas, which mortgage was modified by an act of mortgage dated 1st January, 1872, but does not increase the amount of the incumbrances; and also a further mortgage, bearing date 1st July, 1870, securing the payment of the second mortgage bonds guaranteed by the State of Louisiana, and which mortgage is an incumbrance on the railroad of said corporation to the west of the Mississippi river and extending to the Sabine river, and all other mortgages existing under said power. There will be prepared twenty days before the day of sale an inventory of the property to be sold in the different parcels, and copies of the mortgages will be in the hands of the Masters for exhibition to any person desiring to purchase. The power to the trustees to bid for the bondholders is reserved in the decree. The Trustees and the Masters will give information of the matter entrusted to them prior to the sale.

(Signed)
HENRY J. GARDNER.
PETER BUTLER,
Trustees.
J. W. GURLEY,
ROBERT H. SHANNON,
Masters.



NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESSES.

The Best yet Invented FOR AMATEUR & BUSINESS PURPOSES,

And Unsurpassed for General Job Printers.

OVER 8000 IN USE.

BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer,
And Dealer in Every Description of

PRINTING MATERIAL,

349–351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston; Branch Store, 543 Broadway & 88 Mercer St., N.Y. Agents, Kelly, Howell, & Ludwig, Philadelphia; J. F. Edwards, St. Louis, Mo.; A. C. Kellogg, Chicago, Ill. **Send for Pamphlet.**

ONLY **HOW 'TIS DONE, OR THE SECRET OUT** 10 cts
An Illustrated Book of 64 pages.
BOND, MARTIN & CO. Springfield, Mass

CHENEY BRO'S

American Gros-Grain Silks,

IN BLACK STRIPES, AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,
Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Baqsue, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....	No. 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt....	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER..	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)....	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt....	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT....	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)....	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)....	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt....	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT....	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT....	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT....	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt....	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT....	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT....	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)....	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT....	" 51
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt....	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)....	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT....	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT....	" 17

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SEYMOUR'S SHEARS & SCISSORS.

"The Best are the Cheapest."
Extra Quality. Crocus Polish.

SEYMOUR&CO.
PATENT

Family Size, - - **$1.50**
Ladies' Scissors, - **1.00**
By mail, prepaid. Send P. O. Order or Draft.
HENRY SEYMOUR & CO., 29 Rose St, New York.

Sold Everywhere. *State where you saw this when you write.*

$6 WORTH MUSIC FOR 50c.

"BLUME'S ALBUM." Each number has 32 large quarto pages first-class Piano Music. Best Songs, Waltzes, Galops, Quadrilles, &c., by Abt, Kucken, Mendelssohn, Claribel, Strauss, Faust, Parlow, Herman, &c., for 50c. mailed. FRED. BLUME, 27 Union Square, Broadway.

CATCHEMALIVE MOUSE TRAP

A MOUSE ONCE Caught, Resets the Trap for another! Six sent by Express for $3; sample by mail, postpaid, 75 cents. For sale by the trade.

R. E. DIETZ, *Patentee*, 54 & 56 Fulton St., N.Y.

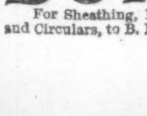
POULTRY WORLD.

A Splendidly Illustrated Monthly, *devoted entirely to Poultry.* $1 25 a year. Send 10 cts. for a specimen copy. Address POULTRY WORLD, Hartford, Conn.

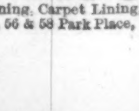
PRICE $290.
U. S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 810 Broadway, N. Y.

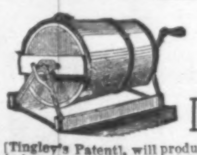


Gorham's Silver Plated Linen Marker with case of type for marking Linen, Cards, Envelopes, &c. Put up and sent free for $1.75 (without case $1.25.)


SAMPLES FREE.
AGENTS WANTED.

W. B. Gorham,
143 Washington St.,
BOSTON, MASS.

REMOVE your hair with Depellerine; price 75 cts. Stamp for circular. H. Sarlem, box 2857, St. Louis, Mo.



THE BEST IN USE
BLATCHLEY'S HORIZONTAL

Ice Cream Freezer.

[Tingley's Patent], will produce a finer quality of Cream in less time and with less labor, than any other Freezer made. Is perfectly air-tight, and will pay the entire cost of the machine in one season in saving of ice alone. Sizes from three to forty quarts. Call and see it, or send for catalogue. CHAS G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

PORTABLE

SODA FOUNTAINS,

$40, $50, $75, and $100.
GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP.
SHIPPED READY FOR USE.
Manufactured by
J. W. CHAPMAN & CO.,
Madison, Ind.
—Send for Circular.—

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS! JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS, 204 Broadway. Safe, cheap, accurate, destructive. ☞ Send for Circular.

WE DEFY THE WORLD to produce a remedy that will cure HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA as effectually as DR. R. A. WILSON'S PILLS. Sold by all dealers. B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROPER HOT AIR

ENGINE COMPANY, 124 Chambers St., N. Y.

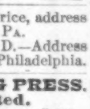
LOVEJOY'S METALLIC WEATHER HOUSES

Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by

ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! No more bald heads under 60 years of age! Hair warranted on any head or face in 3 months! Thousands of testimonials. Price $5. DONDERO & SPENCER, Gen'l Agt's, 1105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—A. A. MARKS, 575 Broadway, N.Y. City, Inventor and U. S. Gov't Manufacturer of FIRST PREMIUM Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free.



ASTHMA CURED!—For circular and price, address S. C. UPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED.—Address S. C. Upham, Philadelphia.

STAR JOB PRINTING PRESS.
The Best Invented.
Price $12, $25, $38, and $60.
Send stamp for Catalogue, to W. Y. EDWARDS, Agent, 16 College Place, N. Y.

WANTED in each **City, Town, and Village**, an **Agent** for the **AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST** and **HEARTH AND HOME**, with their exquisite chromos **given free. Liberal Terms. A Good Paying Business** for **All.**

Address, FRANK B. VAN SICLEN, *Agency Department.*
ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
245 Broadway, New York.

FOR AGENTS. THE BEST TOOLS to work with. Largest CASH PAY. Either traveling or at home. Exclusive Territory, New Plans, &c. *The most easily worked Agency.* EVERY subscriber receives **"Cute"** and a share in $25,000 in Cash and other Premiums. Experienced Agents make $100 to $200 per week. Send at once for particulars, terms, &c., to
OUR FIRESIDE FRIEND, Chicago and Boston.

Canvassing Books Sent Free for

Prof. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Inter-relations; Love, Its Laws, Power, &c.

Agents are selling from **20** to **30** copies of this work a day, and we send a canvassing book free to any book agent. Address, stating experience, &c., NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—BOOK AGENTS are wanted to sell popular Standard Works by subscription. Some of them, viz.: M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature; The Life of Christ; The Land and the Book;* and Tyerman's *Life of Wesley* are admirably adapted for Theological Students and others to sell during their coming vacations. The subscriber also wants energetic and successful Canvassers to sell the NEW and popular books, just published, viz.: *Farm Ballads*, by Will Carleton; *The Treaty of Washington*, by Caleb Cushing; *Santo Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti*, by Samuel Hazard; and Nordhoff's *California.* Energetic persons can make the business very lucrative. For further particulars, address

AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

A SUPERB NEW SUBSCRIPTION BOOK, **"Art Recreations,"** a complete and practical guide to all kinds of ornamental work. 1 vol., fully illustrated, tinted paper, 452 pages, retail price $3. *Liberal terms to first-class Agents.* Send for Descriptive Circular to SHEPARD & GILL, Publishers, Boston.

WORKING CLASS, MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with 6-cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Cortlandt St., N.Y.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U.S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 130 Maiden Lane, N.Y., or Chicago, Ill.

$60 A WEEK TO AGENTS. Fastest selling article out. Sample for 6-cent stamp. Circular free. J. BRIDE, 769 Broadway, N. Y.

5000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail. Two new articles, salable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, N. J.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS.

1.

MISS BEECHER'S HOUSEKEEPER & HEALTH-KEEPER: Containing Five Hundred Recipes for Economical and Healthful Cooking; also, many Directions for securing Health and Happiness. Approved by Physicians of all Classes. Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

2.

BY THE LATE LORD LYTTON:

KENELM CHILLINGLY: His Adventures and Opinions. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

THE COMING RACE. 12mo, Paper, 50 cents.

GODOLPHIN. New Edition. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

LEILA; or, The Siege of Grenada. New Edition. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

3.

FARM BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00.

4.

OLD KENSINGTON. A Novel. By Miss THACKERAY, Author of "The Village on the Cliff," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

5.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON: Its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions Relating Thereto. By CALEB CUSHING. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

6.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Christie's Faith," "Mattie: a Stray," "No Man's Friend," "True to Herself," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

7.

THE FISHING TOURIST: Angler's Guide and Reference Book. By CHARLES HALLOCK, Secretary of the "Blooming-Grove Park Association." Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

8.

TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE. By the Rev. FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

9.

TO THE BITTER END. A Novel. By Miss M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Dead-Sea Fruit," "Birds of Prey," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

10.

SANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present: with a Glance at Hayti. By SAMUEL HAZARD. Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

11.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

Uniform in style with "*THE EARTH,*" by ÉLISÉE RECLUS. 8vo, Cloth $5 00.

12.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MIDDLEMARCH. Middlemarch: a Study of Provincial Life. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50. Popular Edition, 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $2 00.

13.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

14.

ROBIN GRAY. A Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "For the King," and "For Lack of Gold." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

15.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an Introduction by the Rev. P. SCHAFF, D.D. 618 pp., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

This work embraces in one volume:

ON A FRESH REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second Edition, Revised.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

16.

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travelers and Settlers. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper $2 00; Cloth, $2 50.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

ALL AGENTS, No matter what they are doing, make a mistake if they fail to write CHAS. H. TAYLOR & CO., Boston or Chicago, whose new combination beats the world. Sales immense. Profits big.

EXPERIENCED CANVASSING Agents Wanted, To take orders for the best selling book on the market. Exclusive territory given. Apply to BILL, NICHOLS, & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted every where. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS.—Address COWAN & Co., 8th St., New York, for *best* selling book published, $30 a week and expenses. **Salary** or **Commission.**

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

---

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

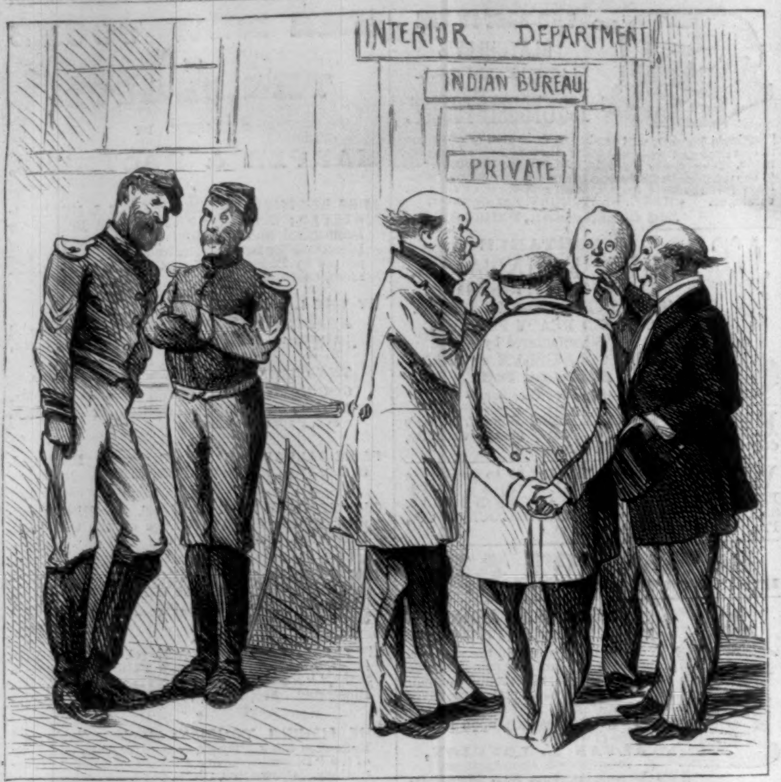
WANTED! Agents to sell our Rubber Stamps dan other novelties. Address U. S. Manufacturing Co., 97 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS WANTED to sell our useful patent articles needed by every man & woman. Large profits, quick sales. Send for Circulars. PLUMB & Co., Phila., Pa.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Boston, Mass.

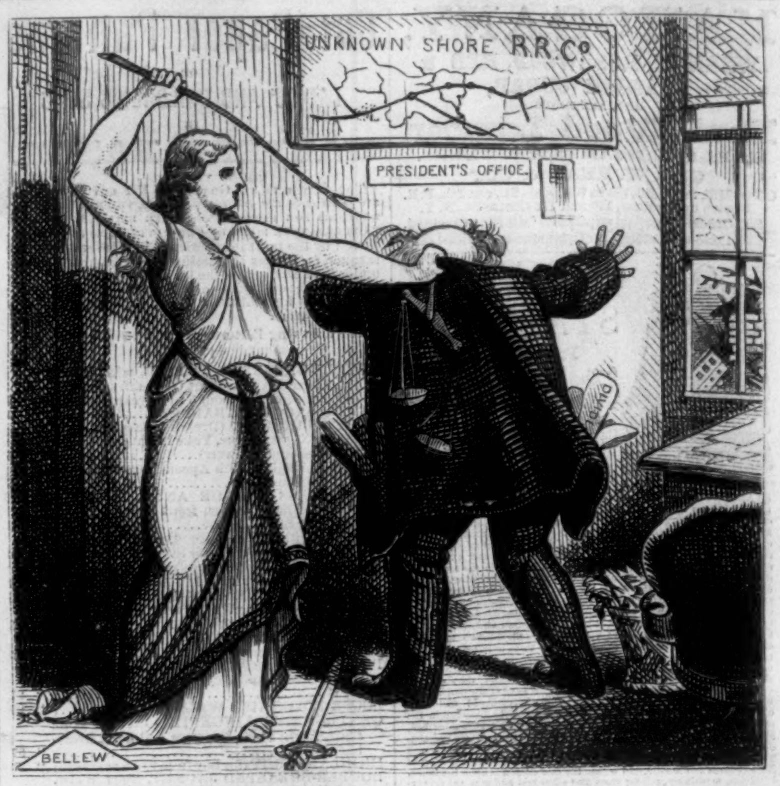
BUILDING PAPER!

For Sheathing, Roofing, Deafening, Carpet Lining, and as a substitute for Plastering. Send for Samples and Circulars, to B. E. HALE & CO., 56 & 58 Park Place, N. Y., or ROCK RIVER PAPER CO., Chicago.

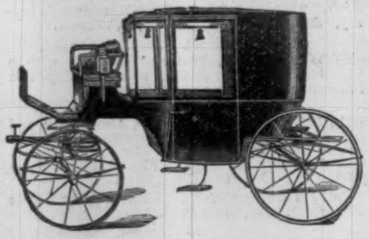


NEW TACTICS AGAINST THE MODOCS.

CAVALRY SERGEANT (*referring to delegation waiting to advise about the Modoc Affair*). "I say, Corporal, ef the Guv'ment's opposed to scalpin', why don't they send them fellers out to fight the Injins?"



A Switch not Misplaced.



OCTAGON-FRONT COUPÉ.

ELEGANT CARRIAGES.

NEW DESIGNS.

SUPERBLY FINISHED.

BRADLEY, PRAY, & CO.

558 BROADWAY.

NEW STYLES FIVE-OCTAVE

DOUBLE-REED
CABINET ORGANS
AT
Reduced Prices.
$110 and $125 Each.

Other styles at $55 to $500 and upward. Organs to RENT, with privilege of PURCHASE FOR MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

CATALOGUES and CIRCULARS free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,
25 Union Square, New York; 154 Tremont St., Boston;
80 and 82 Adams St., Chicago.

WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Self-Measure for Shirts.

Printed Directions for Self-Measurement, List of Prices, and Drawings of different Styles of Shirts and Collars sent free every where.

E. M. & WM. WARD,
862 Broadway, cor. Union Square;
ALSO,
387 Broadway, New York.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons.

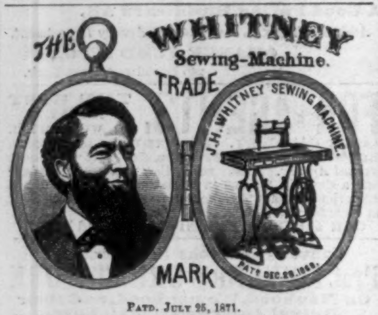
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

51,000

Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.**


THE WHITNEY Sewing-Machine.
TRADE
MARK
J. H. WHITNEY SEWING MACHINE.
PAT'D DEC. 28, 1869.

PATD. JULY 25, 1871.

Perfection at last; the result of 20 years' practice. So simple and perfect that it gives unprecedented satisfaction. Runs so easy that a single thread of No. 8 cotton may be used for a belt. Straight needle and shuttle.
Whitney Sewing-Machine Co., 613 Broadway, N.Y.

HENRY CAPT,

Of GENEVA,

Now has a beautiful assortment of Watches and Traveling Clocks, of his own make, at
No. 23 Union Square, New York.
E. LOUPPE, Agent.

WEBER

PIANO-FORTES.

Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the

BEST PIANOS MADE.

Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.

WAREROOMS,
Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th St., N. Y.

STEINWAY

Grand, Square & Upright Pianos.

First of the Grand Gold Medals of Honor.
World's Fair, Paris, 1867—London, 1862.
The most Perfectly arranged and the Largest Piano Manufactory in the World.
One Piano Every Working Hour.
Ten Pianos Every Day.
Every Piano Warranted for Five Years.

Prices as low as the exclusive use of the best materials and most thorough workmanship will permit. Old Pianos taken in exchange.

☞ Illustrated Catalogues, with Price List, mailed free on application.

STEINWAY & SONS' Warerooms,
STEINWAY HALL,
109 & 111 East 14th St., N. Y.

PARK and GARDEN ORNAMENTS.
THE
J. L. Mott Iron Works,
90 Beekman St., cor. Cliff, N. Y.

STATUARY, VASES,
FOUNTAINS, and SETTEES.

The largest and most varied assortment of above in the United States. Illustrated Catalogues, 20 x 14, containing 90 pages, with Price-Lists, sent by mail on receipt of $2 00 (to be returned to purchasers).

WM. D. RUSSELL.
THE BAXTER ENGINE
18 PARK PLACE, N.Y.

KANSAS LANDS FOR SALE.

Improved Farms in Shawnee County. Wild Lands in Greenwood, Butler, Lyon, Osage, Coffey, Chase, Ottawa, Clay, Cloud, Mitchell, Wabaunsee, Pottawatomie, Woodson, Morris, Dickenson, Shawnee, and other Counties. City Property in Topeka; in lots and on terms to suit purchasers. Selected in 1868. Address
JAS. A. KING,
COR. ST. CLAIR & WASSON STS., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Magic Lanterns

Priced Catalogues sent to any address, 10 cents each.

Part 1st.	Mathematical Instruments....	153	pages
" 2d.	Optical Instruments..........	107	"
" 3d.	Stereopticons................	90	"
" 4th.	Physical Apparatus...........	66	"

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
601 Broadway, New York; 924 Chestnut St., Philada.

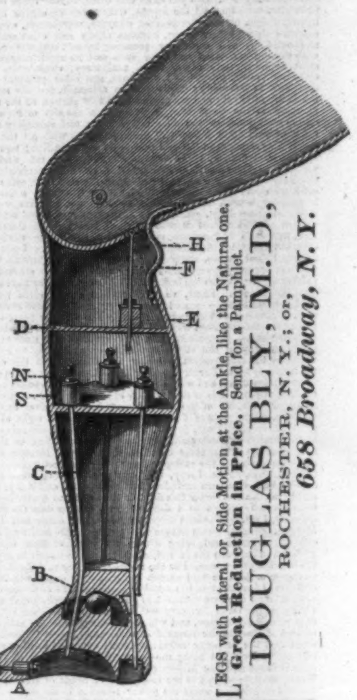
ACCIDENTS. Insure in the **TRAVELERS,** of Hartford.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented

The Omnipotent Hand that constructed and set in motion that Miracle in Mechanics, the Human Frame, did not intend that it should be marred, or shattered, or destroyed by reckless management. Even before it was shaped and vivified, there sprang spontaneously from the earth vitalizing agents to repair its injuries and prevent its untimely wreck. These sanitary agents were MINERAL WATERS, and the finest and most useful of them all has been duplicated in

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT; so that now the Invalid may, in point of fact, *always have the famous German Spring at his hand.* Of all refreshing and ebullient draughts, the Seltzer Aperient is the most delightful, and of all preparations that have ever been prescribed for indigestion, nervous headache, constipation, bilious disorders, fevers, and irregularities of the general system, it has been the most successful. It is prepared in a moment. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.



LEGS with Lateral or Side Motion at the Ankle, like the Natural one.
Great Reduction in Price. Send for a Pamphlet.
DOUGLAS BLY, M.D.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.; or,
658 Broadway, N. Y.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

TASTELESS MEDICINES. Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in **DUNDAS DICK & CO'S SOFT CAPSULES.** No taste. No smell. Sold by all Druggists in this city.

A MICROSCOPE

Is a necessity to every intelligent family. All grades from 50 cts to $500. Send for Price-List.
McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of stamp.
Address A. J. Bicknell & Co., Pubs., 27 Warren St., N. Y.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The *Postage* on the Magazine, within the United States, is 24 cents a year; on the Weekly and Bazar, 20 cents a year, payable at the office where received. Subscribers in Canada must send 24 cents for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. When no date is specified, it is understood that the subscription for the Magazine begins with the current Volume; for the Weekly or Bazar, with the Number next after the date of the order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

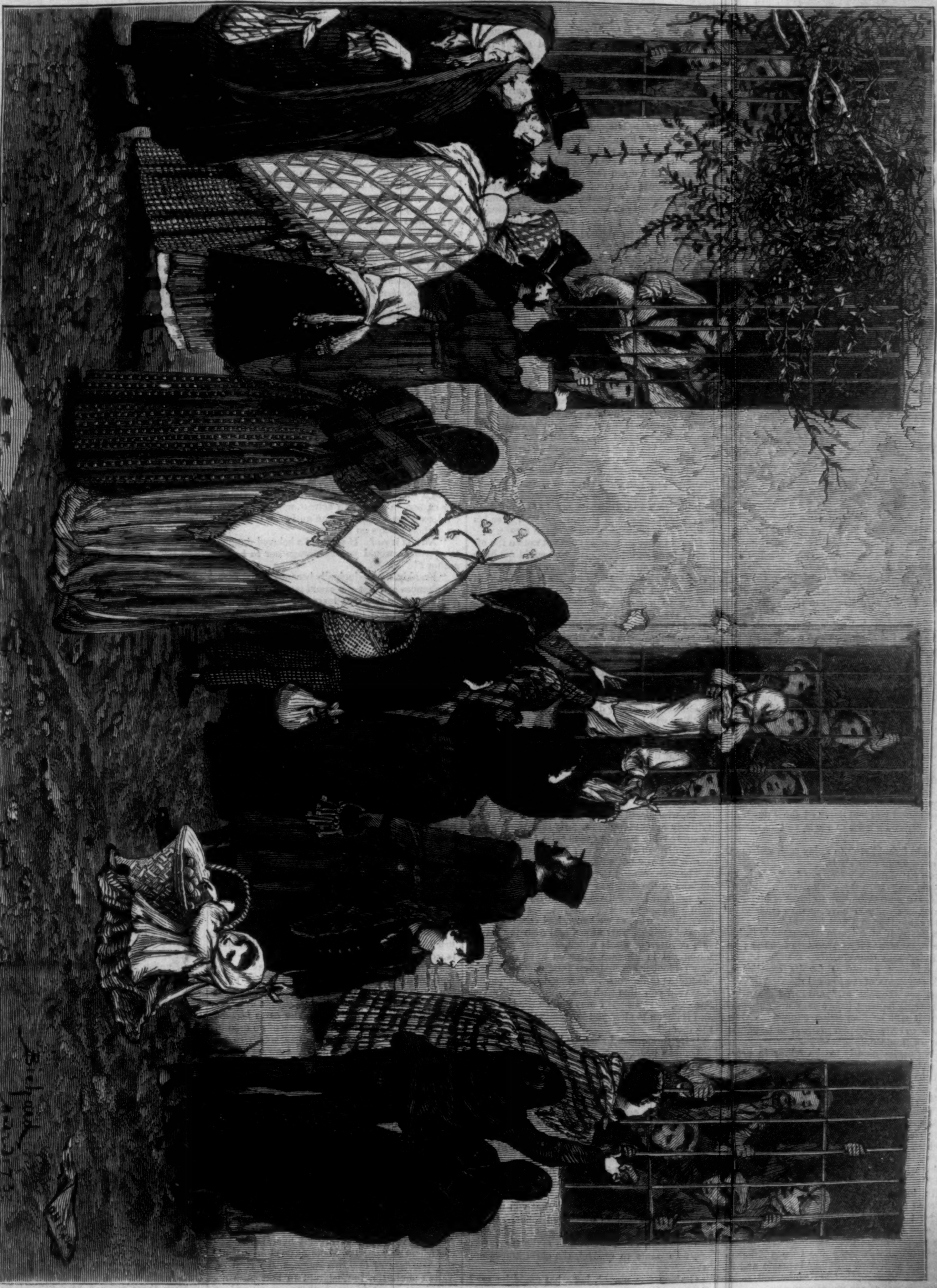
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE CARLIST MOVEMENT IN SPAIN.

No one can watch without sympathy the effort of the better portion of the Spanish people to raise their country to freedom and good order, except the ultramontanes and political reactionists. It is allowed by all that **FIGUERAS** and **CASTELAR**, the founders of the Spanish republic, are patriotic, honest, and disinterested, are humane and free from the taint of bloodshed. They are laboring to revive a decaying land, to spread education, suppress robbery, soften the barbarity of the uncultivated, and renew the immense productiveness of their country. They believe that Spain can be again raised to a high rank among nations, and they think that the only form of government capable of restoring a fallen people is a free one. In this they are no doubt right. It is only by exciting the principle of self-dependence that men or nations can be reformed. In all their political action **FIGUERAS**, **CASTELAR**, and the republicans have observed the plain rule of integrity. They appeal to the people, propose the election of a new Cortes or Congress, and are desirous of founding their government upon the consent of the majority by a peaceful and just election. Happy would it be for Spain could her honest leaders, her most intelligent citizens, be permitted to reform her government and develop her boundless wealth.

But this is what the ultramontanes and the reactionists throughout Western Europe are resolved to prevent. The people of Spain seem to have accepted the republic with general favor. Nothing appeared to threaten the repose of the nation except the preposterous invasion of the Carlists. The country was at rest, and might have turned with unequaled energy to the labors of peace. The cruelty and madness of the Carlists have once more sown the germs of a sanguinary strife. They are supported by the priests, the bigoted mountaineers of the Basque Provinces, and all who hope to plunder or oppress the people. Yet the title of Don **CARLOS** to the throne of Spain, even upon the feudal notions, is unsound. He is the descendant of a younger brother of **FERDINAND** VII. The lineal ruler of Spain is **ISABELLA**, or her son, the Prince of Asturias. Don **CARLOS** claims that the salic law, excluding females, applies to Spain—a most ridiculous pretense—and that **ISABELLA** and the Prince of Asturias are excluded by the law of the **BOURBONS**. With a tainted title and no direct claim to the crown, the Pretender spreads bloodshed and ruin over the peaceful land, destroys railways and bridges, villages, and even churches, and is laboring to reduce Spain once more to the miserable barbarism from which it was just escaping. His chief allies are the Roman Catholic priests, the ultramontanes of France and England, the Catholic clubs of London, Paris, and New York. By their aid his sanguinary schemes are being perfected, and a ruthless assault made upon republican institutions in Spain.

One can scarcely avoid feeling an intense interest in the unusual spectacle. Republicans from deep conviction and high cultivation, unlike too



VISITING CARLIST PRISONERS IN THE MILITARY PRISON OF SAN FRANCISCO, MADRID.

many of their pretentious brethren in France, Figueras and Castelar are calling upon their countrymen to follow them in the path pointed out by Washington and Jefferson, and are leading the way to freedom. They have no strength but their integrity, no claim to leadership but their acknowledged honesty. And it will be a most instructive step in national progress should they prove that moral influences are more powerful in this age than ever before, that the people, however barbarous or decayed, will follow faithfully him in whom they have a just confidence, and that the honest man has more power over the multitude than worthless princes and sanguinary priests. It was not long ago that Spain was ransacking the world for a king. If Castelar and Figueras have done no more, they have proved that their country has no need to seek for her rulers in foreign lands, and that if she is true to her own intellectual leaders, it may happen that amidst an unbounded prosperity, with all her great material and intellectual resources unfolded by free institutions, Spain may lead the way to the restoration of the Latin race.

The engraving on the preceding page represents some captured Carlists who have been transferred to the military prison of San Francisco, in Madrid. Their relatives, their friends, and their partisans come for the purpose of bringing them food and money, at the same time inspiring them with hope and consolation. The rank and file of the prisoners are in confinement, and are unable to see their friends except through the bars which guard the windows; but the chiefs are allowed liberty of movement, and stroll about in the courts and corridors of the prison, visiting each other as well as receiving their friends from without. The artist's sketch depicts the scene which he saw in the little court of the prison.

(Continued from No. 854, page 403.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," Etc., Etc.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER X.

The Englishman halted at the threshold. His eye, passing rapidly over the figure of Savarin reading in the window niche, rested upon Rameau and Isaura seated on the same divan, he with her hand clasped in both his own, and bending his face toward hers so closely that a loose tress of her hair seemed to touch his forehead.

The Englishman halted, and no revolution which changes the habitudes and forms of states was ever so sudden as that which passed without a word in the depths of his unconjectured heart. The heart has no history which philosophers can recognize. An ordinary political observer, contemplating the condition of a nation, may very safely tell us what effects must follow the causes patent to his eyes. But the wisest and most far-seeing sage, looking at a man at one o'clock, can not tell us what revulsions of his whole being may be made ere the clock strike two.

As Isaura rose to greet her visitor Savarin came from the window niche, the MS. in his hand.

"Son of perfidious Albion," said Savarin, gayly, "we feared you had deserted the French alliance. Welcome back to Paris, and the *entente cordiale.*"

"Would I could stay to enjoy such welcome. But I must again quit Paris."

"Soon to return, *n'est ce pas?* Paris is an irresistible magnet to *les beaux esprits. Apropos* of *beaux esprits*, be sure to leave orders with your bookseller, if you have one, to enter your name as subscriber to a new journal."

"Certainly, if M. Savarin recommends it."

"He recommends it as a matter of course; he writes in it," said Rameau.

"A sufficient guarantee for its excellence. What is the name of the journal?"

"Not yet thought of," answered Savarin. "Babes must be born before they are christened; but it will be instruction enough to your bookseller to order the new journal to be edited by Gustave Rameau."

Bowing ceremoniously to the editor in prospect, Graham said, half ironically, "May I hope that in the department of criticism you will not be too hard upon poor Tasso?"

"Never fear; the signorina, who adores Tasso, will take him under her special protection," said Savarin, interrupting Rameau's sullen and embarrassed reply.

Graham's brow slightly contracted. "Mademoiselle," he said, "is then to be united in the conduct of this journal with M. Gustave Rameau?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Isaura, somewhat frightened at the idea.

"But I hope," said Savarin, "that the signorina may become a contributor too important for an editor to offend by insulting her favorites, Tasso included. Rameau and I came hither to entreat her influence with her intimate and illustrious friend, Madame de Grantmesnil, to insure the success of our undertaking by sanctioning the announcement of her name as a contributor."

"Upon social questions—such as the laws of marriage?" said Graham, with a sarcastic smile, which concealed the quiver of his lip and the pain in his voice.

"Nay," answered Savarin, "our journal will be too sportive, I hope, for matters so profound. We would rather have Madame de Grantmesnil's aid in some short *roman*, which will charm the fancy of all and offend the opinions of none. But since I came into the room I care less for the signorina's influence with the great authoress;" and he glanced significantly at the MS.

"How so?" asked Graham, his eye following the glance.

"If the writer of this MS. will conclude what she has begun, we shall be independent of Madame de Grantmesnil."

"Fie!" cried Isaura, impulsively, her face and neck bathed in blushes—"fie! such words are a mockery."

Graham gazed at her intently, and then turned his eyes on Savarin. He guessed aright the truth. "Mademoiselle, then, is an author? In the style of her friend Madame de Grantmesnil?"

"Bah!" said Savarin; "I should indeed be guilty of mockery if I paid the signorina so false a compliment as to say that in a first effort she attained to the style of one of the most finished sovereigns of language that has ever swayed the literature of France. When I say, 'Give us this tale completed, and I shall be consoled if the journal does not gain the aid of Madame de Grantmesnil,' I mean that in these pages there is that nameless charm of freshness and novelty which compensates for many faults never committed by a practiced pen like Madame de Grantmesnil's. My dear young lady, go on with this story—finish it. When finished, do not disdain any suggestions I may offer in the way of correction. And I will venture to predict to you so brilliant a career as author, that you will not regret should you resign for that career the bravos you could command as actress and singer." The Englishman pressed his hand convulsively to his heart, as if smitten by a sudden spasm. But as his eyes rested on Isaura's face, which had become radiant with the enthusiastic delight of genius when the path it would select opens before it as if by a flash from heaven, whatever of jealous irritation, whatever of selfish pain he might before have felt, was gone, merged in a sentiment of unutterable sadness and compassion. Practical man as he was, he knew so well all the dangers, all the snares, all the sorrows, all the scandals menacing name and fame, that in the world of Paris must beset the fatherless girl who, not less in authorship than on the stage, leaves the safeguard of private life forever behind her—who becomes a prey to the tongues of the public. At Paris, how slender is the line that divides the authoress from the *Bohémienne!* He sank into his chair silently, and passed his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out a vision of the future.

Isaura in her excitement did not notice the effect on her English visitor. She could not have divined such an effect as possible. On the contrary, even subordinate to her joy at the thought that she had not mistaken the instincts which led her to a nobler vocation than that of the singer, that the cage-bar was opened, and space bathed in sunshine was inviting the new-felt wings—subordinate even to that joy was a joy more wholly, more simply, woman's. "If," thought she in this joy—"if this be true, my proud ambition is realized; all disparities of worth and fortune are annulled between me and him to whom I would bring no shame of *mésalliance!*" Poor dreamer! poor child!

"You will let me see what you have written," said Rameau, somewhat imperiously, in the sharp voice habitual to him, and which pierced Graham's ear like a splinter of glass.

"No—not now; when finished."

"You *will* finish it?"

"Oh yes; how can I help it after such encouragement?" She held out her hand to Savarin, who kissed it gallantly; then her eyes intuitively sought Graham's. By that time he had recovered his self-possession: he met her look tranquilly and with a smile; but the smile chilled her—she knew not why.

The conversation then passed upon books and authors of the day, and was chiefly supported by the satirical pleasantries of Savarin, who was in high good spirits.

Graham, who, as we know, had come with the hope of seeing Isaura alone, and with the intention of uttering words which, however guarded, might yet in absence serve as links of union, now no longer coveted that interview, no longer meditated those words. He soon rose to depart.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow?" asked Savarin. "Perhaps I may induce the signorina and Rameau to offer you the temptation of meeting them."

"By to-morrow I shall be leagues away."

Isaura's heart sank. This time the MS. was fairly forgotten.

"You never said you were going so soon," cried Savarin. "When do you come back, vile deserter?"

"I can not even guess. Monsieur Rameau, count me among your subscribers. Mademoiselle, my best regards to Signora Venosta. When I see you again, no doubt you will have become famous."

Isaura here could not control herself. She rose impulsively, and approached him, holding out her hand, and attempting a smile.

"But not famous in the way that you warned me from," she said, in whispered tones. "You are friends with me still?" It was like the piteous wail of a child seeking to make it up with one who wants to quarrel, the child knows not why.

Graham was moved, but what could he say? Could he have the right to warn her from this profession also, forbid all desires, all roads of fame to this brilliant aspirant? Even a declared and accepted lover might well have deemed that that would be to ask too much. He replied, "Yes, always a friend, if you could ever need one." Her hand slid from his, and she turned away, wounded to the quick.

"Have you your *coupé* at the door?" asked Savarin.

"Simply a *fiacre.*"

"And are going back at once to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Will you kindly drop me in the Rue de Rivoli?"

"Charmed to be of use."

CHAPTER XI.

As the *fiacre* bore to Paris Savarin and Graham, the former said, "I can not conceive what rich simpleton could entertain so high an opinion of Gustave Rameau as to select a man so young, and of reputation, though promising, so undecided, for an enterprise which requires such a degree of tact and judgment as the conduct of a new journal, and a journal, too, which is to address itself to the *beau monde.* However, it is not for me to criticise a selection which brings a godsend to myself."

"To yourself? You jest; you have a journal of your own. It can only be through an excess of good nature that you lend your name and pen to the service of M. Gustave Rameau."

"My good nature does not go to that extent. It is Rameau who confers a service upon me. *Peste! mon cher*, we French authors have not the rents of you rich English milords. And though I am the most economical of our tribe, yet that journal of mine has failed me of late; and this morning I did not exactly see how I was to repay a sum I had been obliged to borrow of a money-lender—for I am too proud to borrow of friends, and too sagacious to borrow of publishers—when in walks *ce cher petit* Gustave with an offer for a few trifles toward starting this new-born journal, which makes a new man of me. Now I am in the undertaking, my *amour propre* and my reputation are concerned in its success, and I shall take care that *collaborateurs* of whose company I am not ashamed are in the same boat. But that charming girl, Isaura! What an enigma the gift of the pen is! No one can ever guess who has it until tried."

"The young lady's MS., then, really merits the praise you bestowed on it?"

"Much more praise, though a great deal of blame, which I did not bestow. For in a first work faults insure success as much as beauties. Any thing better than tame correctness. Yes, her first work, to judge by what is written, must make a hit—a great hit. And that will decide her career—a singer, an actress, may retire, often does when she marries an author. But once an author, always an author."

"Ah! is it so? If you had a beloved daughter, Savarin, would you encourage her to be an author?"

"Frankly, no—principally because in that case the chances are that she would marry an author; and French authors, at least in the imaginative school, make very uncomfortable husbands."

"Ah! you think the signorina will marry one of those uncomfortable husbands—M. Rameau, perhaps?"

"Rameau! *Hein!* nothing more likely. That beautiful face of his has its fascination. And to tell you the truth, my wife, who is a striking illustration of the truth that what woman wills Heaven wills, is bent upon that improvement in Gustave's moral life which she thinks a union with Mademoiselle Cicogna would achieve. At all events, the fair Italian would have in Rameau a husband who would not suffer her to bury her talents under a bushel. If she succeeds as a writer (by succeeding I mean making money), he will see that her ink-bottle is never empty; and if she don't succeed as a writer, he will take care that the world shall gain an actress or a singer. For Gustave Rameau has a great taste for luxury and show; and whatever his wife can make, I will venture to say that he will manage to spend."

"I thought you had an esteem and regard for Mademoiselle Cicogna. It is madame, your wife, I suppose, who has a grudge against her?"

"On the contrary, my wife idolizes her."

"Savages sacrifice to their idols the things they deem of value. Civilized Parisians sacrifice their idols themselves—and to a thing that is worthless."

"Rameau is not worthless; he has beauty and youth and talent. My wife thinks more highly of him than I do; but I must respect a man who has found admirers so sincere as to set him up in a journal, and give him *carte blanche* for terms to contributors. I know of no man in Paris more valuable to me. His worth to me this morning is 30,000 francs. I own I do not think him likely to be a very safe husband; but then French female authors and artists seldom take any husbands except upon short leases. There are no vulgar connubial prejudices in the pure atmosphere of art. Women of genius, like Madame de Grantmesnil, and perhaps like our charming young friend, resemble canary-birds—to sing their best you must separate them from their mates."

The Englishman suppressed a groan, and turned the conversation.

When he had set down his lively companion, Vane dismissed his *fiacre*, and walked to his lodgings musingly.

"No," he said, inly; "I must wrench myself from the very memory of that haunting face—the friend and pupil of Madame de Grantmesnil, the associate of Gustave Rameau, the rival of Julie Caumartin, the aspirant to that pure atmosphere of art in which there are no vulgar connubial prejudices! Could I—whether I be rich or poor—see in *her* the ideal of an English wife? As it is—as it is—with this mystery which oppresses me, which, till solved, leaves my own career insoluble—as it is, how fortunate that I did not find her alone—did not utter the words that would fain have leaped from my heart—did not say, 'I may not be the rich man I seem, but in that case I shall be yet more ambitious, because struggle and labor are the sinews of ambition! Should I be rich, will you adorn my station? should I be poor, will you enrich poverty with your smile? And can you, in either case, forego—really, painlessly forego, as you led me to hope—the pride in your own art?' My ambition were killed did I marry an actress, a singer. Better that than the hungerer after excitements which are never allayed, the struggler in a career which admits of no retirement—the woman to whom marriage is no goal—who remains to the last the property of the public, and glories to dwell in a house of glass into which every by-stander has a right to peer. Is this the ideal of an Englishman's wife and home? No, no!—woe is me, no!"

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

A few weeks after the date of the preceding chapter a gay party of men were assembled at supper in one of the private *salons* of the *Maison Dorée.* The supper was given by Frederic Lemercier, and the guests were, though in various ways, more or less distinguished. Rank and fashion were not unworthily represented by Alain de Rochebriant and Enguerrand de Vandemar, by whose supremacy as "lion" Frederic still felt rather humbled, though Alain had contrived to bring them familiarly together. Art, Literature, and the Bourse had also their representatives—in Henri Bernard, a rising young portrait-painter, whom the Emperor honored with his patronage, the Vicomte de Brézé, and M. Savarin. Science was not altogether forgotten, but contributed its agreeable delegate in the person of the eminent physician to whom we have been before introduced—Dr. Bacourt. Doctors in Paris are not so serious as they mostly are in London; and Bacourt, a pleasant philosopher of the school of Aristippus, was no unfrequent nor ungenial guest at any banquet in which the Graces relaxed their zones. Martial glory was also represented at that social gathering by a warrior, bronzed and decorated, lately arrived from Algiers, on which arid soil he had achieved many laurels and the rank of Colonel. Finance contributed Duplessis. Well it might; for Duplessis had just assisted the host to a splendid *coup* at the Bourse.

"Ah, *cher* M. Savarin," says Enguerrand de Vandemar, whose patrician blood is so pure from revolutionary taint that he is always instinctively polite, "what a masterpiece in its way is that little paper of yours in the *Sens Commun*, upon the connection between the national character and the national diet, so genuinely witty!—for wit is but truth made amusing."

"You flatter me," replied Savarin, modestly; "but I own I do think there is a smattering of philosophy in that trifle. Perhaps, however, the character of a people depends more on its drinks than its food. The wines of Italy—heady, irritable, ruinous to the digestion—contribute to the character which belongs to active brains and disordered livers. The Italians conceive great plans, but they can not digest them. The English common people drink beer, and the beerish character is stolid, rude, but stubborn and enduring. The English middle class imbibe port and sherry; and with these strong potations their ideas become obfuscated. Their character has no liveliness; amusement is not one of their wants; they sit at home after dinner and doze away the fumes of their beverage in the dullness of domesticity. If the English aristocracy is more vivacious and cosmopolitan, it is thanks to the wines of France, which it is the *mode* with them to prefer; but still, like all plagiarists, they are imitators, not inventors—they borrow our wines and copy our manners. The Germans—"

"Insolent barbarians!" growled the French Colonel, twirling his mustache; "if the Emperor were not in his dotage, their Sadowa would ere this have cost them their Rhine."

"The Germans," resumed Savarin, unheeding the interruption, "drink acrid wines, varied with beer, to which last their commonalty owes a *quasi*-resemblance in stupidity and endurance to the English masses. Acrid wines rot the teeth: Germans are afflicted with toothache from infancy. All people subject to toothache are sentimental. Goethe was a martyr to toothache. *Werther* was written in one of those paroxysms which predispose genius to suicide. But the German character is not all toothache; beer and tobacco step in to the relief of Rhenish acridities, blend philosophy with sentiment, and give that patience in detail which distinguishes their professors and their generals. Besides, the German wines in themselves have other qualities than that of acridity. Taken with sauerkraut and stewed prunes, they produce fumes of self-conceit. A German has little of French vanity; he has German self-esteem. He extends the esteem of self to those around him; his home, his village, his city, his country—all belong to him. It is a duty he owes to himself to defend them. Give him his pipe and his sabre—and, M. le Colonel, believe me, you will never take the Rhine from him."

"P-r-r," cried the Colonel; "but we have had the Rhine."

"We did not keep it. And I should not say I had a franc-piece if I borrowed it from your purse and had to give it back the next day."

Here there arose a very general hubbub of voices, all raised against M. Savarin. Enguerrand, like a man of good *ton*, hastened to change the conversation.

"Let us leave these poor wretches to their sour wines and toothaches. We drinkers of the Champagne, all our own, have only pity for the rest of the human race. This new journal, *Le Sens Commun*, has a strange title, M. Savarin."

"Yes; *Le Sens Commun* is not common in

Paris, where we all have too much genius for a thing so vulgar."

"Pray," said the young painter, "tell me what you mean by the title, *Le Sens Commun.* It is mysterious."

"True," said Savarin; "it may mean the *Sensus communis* of the Latins, or the Good Sense of the English. The Latin phrase signifies the sense of the common interest; the English phrase, the sense which persons of understanding have in common. I suppose the inventor of our title meant the latter signification."

"And who was the inventor?" asked Bacourt.

"That is a secret which I do not know myself," answered Savarin.

"I guess," said Enguerrand, "that it must be the same person who writes the political leaders. They are most remarkable; for they are so unlike the articles in other journals, whether those journals be the best or the worst. For my own part, I trouble my head very little about politics, and shrug my shoulders at essays which reduce the government of flesh and blood into mathematical problems. But these articles seem to be written by a man of the world, and, as a man of the world myself, I read them."

"But," said the Vicomte de Brézé, who piqued himself on the polish of his style, "they are certainly not the composition of any eminent writer. No eloquence, no sentiment; though I ought not to speak disparagingly of a fellow-contributor."

"All that may be very true," said Savarin, "but M. Enguerrand is right. The papers are evidently the work of a man of the world, and it is for that reason that they have startled the public, and established the success of *Le Sens Commun.* But wait a week or two longer, messieurs, and then tell me what you think of a new *roman* by a new writer, which we shall announce in our impression to-morrow. I shall be disappointed, indeed, if that does not charm you. No lack of eloquence and sentiment there."

"I am rather tired of eloquence and sentiment," said Enguerrand. "Your editor, Gustave Rameau, sickens me of them with his 'Starlit Meditations in the Streets of Paris,' morbid imitations of Heine's enigmatical 'Evening Songs.' Your journal would be perfect if you could suppress the editor."

"Suppress Gustave Rameau!" cried Bernard, the painter; "I adore his poems, full of heart for poor suffering humanity."

"Suffering humanity so far as it is packed up in himself," said the physician, dryly, "and a great deal of the suffering is bile. But *à propos* of your new journal, Savarin, there is a paragraph in it to-day which excites my curiosity. It says that the Vicomte de Mauléon has arrived in Paris, after many years of foreign travel; and then, referring modestly enough to the reputation for talent which he had acquired in early youth, proceeds to indulge in a prophecy of the future political career of a man who, if he have a grain of *sens commun*, must think that the less said about him the better. I remember him well; a terrible *mauvais sujet*, but superbly handsome. There was a shocking story about the jewels of a foreign duchess, which obliged him to leave Paris."

"But," said Savarin, "the paragraph you refer to hints that that story is a groundless calumny, and that the true reason for De Mauléon's voluntary self-exile was a very common one among young Parisians—he had lavished away his fortune. He returns when, either by heritage or his own exertions, he has secured elsewhere a competence."

"Nevertheless, I can not think that society will receive him," said Bacourt. "When he left Paris, there was one joyous sigh of relief among all men who wished to avoid duels, and keep their wives out of temptation. Society may welcome back a lost sheep, but not a reinvigorated wolf."

"I beg your pardon, *mon cher*," said Enguerrand; "society has already opened its fold to this poor ill-treated wolf. Two days ago Louvier summoned to his house the surviving relations or connections of De Mauléon—among whom are the Marquis de Rochebriant, the Counts De Passy, De Beauvilliers, De Chavigny, my father, and of course his two sons—and submitted to us the proofs which completely clear the Vicomte de Mauléon of even a suspicion of fraud or dishonor in the affair of the jewels. The proofs include the written attestation of the Duke himself, and letters from that nobleman after De Mauléon's disappearance from Paris, expressive of great esteem, and, indeed, of great admiration, for the Vicomte's sense of honor and generosity of character. The result of this family council was, that we all went in a body to call on De Mauléon. And he dined with my father that same day. You know enough of the Count de Vandemar, and, I may add, of my mother, to be sure that they are both, in their several ways, too regardful of social conventions to lend their countenance even to a relation without well weighing the *pros* and *cons*. And as for Raoul, Bayard himself could not be a greater stickler on the point of honor."

This declaration was followed by a silence that had the character of stupor.

At last Duplessis said, "But what has Louvier to do in this *galère?* Louvier is no relation of that well-born *vaurien*. Why should *he* summon your family council?"

"Louvier excused his interference on the ground of early and intimate friendship with De Mauléon, who, he said, came to consult him on arriving at Paris, and who felt too proud or too timid to address relations with whom he had long dropped all intercourse. An intermediary was required, and Louvier volunteered to take that part on himself; nothing more natural, nor more simple. By-the-way, Alain, you dine with Louvier to-morrow, do you not?—a dinner in honor of our rehabilitated kinsman. I and Raoul go."

"Yes, I shall be charmed to meet again a man who, whatever might be his errrors in youth, on which," added Alain, slightly coloring, "it certainly does not become me to be severe, must have suffered the most poignant anguish a man of honor can undergo—viz., honor suspected—and who now, whether by years or sorrow, is so changed that I can not recognize a likeness to the character I have just heard given to him as *mauvais sujet* and *vaurien*."

"Bravo!" cried Enguerrand; "all honor to courage—and at Paris it requires great courage to defend the absent."

"Nay," answered Alain, in a low voice. "The *gentilhomme* who will not defend another *gentilhomme* traduced would, as a soldier, betray a citadel and desert a flag."

"You say M. de Mauléon is changed," said De Brézé; "yes, he must be growing old. No trace left of his good looks?"

"Pardon me," said Enguerrand, "he is *bien conservé*, and has still a very handsome head and an imposing presence. But one can not help doubting whether he deserves the formidable reputation he acquired in youth; his manner is so singularly mild and gentle, his conversation so winningly modest, so void of pretense, and his mode of life is as simple as that of a Spanish hidalgo."

"He does not, then, affect the *rôle* of Monte Christo," said Duplessis, "and buy himself into notice like that hero of romance?"

"Certainly not; he says very frankly that he has but a very small income, but more than enough for his wants—richer than in his youth; for he has learned content. We may dismiss the hint in *Le Sens Commun* about his future political career; at least he evinces no such ambition."

"How could he as a Legitimist?" said Alain, bitterly. "What department would elect him?"

"But is he a Legitimist?" asked De Brézé.

"I take it for granted that he must be that," answered Alain, haughtily, "for he is a De Mauléon."

"His father was as good a De Mauléon as himself, I presume," rejoined De Brézé, dryly; "and he enjoyed a place at the Court of Louis Philippe, which a Legitimist would scarcely accept. Victor did not, I fancy, trouble his head about politics at all, at the time I remember him; but to judge by his chief associates, and the notice he received from the Princes of the House of Orleans, I should guess that he had no predilections in favor of Henri V."

"I snould regret to think so," said Alain, yet more haughtily, "since the De Mauléons acknowledge the head of their house in the representative of the Rochebriants."

"At all events," said Duplessis, "M. de Mauléon appears to be a philosopher of rare stamp. A Parisian who has known riches and is contented to be poor is a phenomenon I should like to study."

"You have that chance to-morrow evening, M. Duplessis," said Enguerrand.

"What! at M. Louvier's dinner? Nay, I have no other acquaintance with M. Louvier than that of the Bourse, and the acquaintance is not cordial."

"I did not mean M. Louvier's dinner, but at the Duchesse de Tarascon's ball You, as one of her special favorites, will doubtless honor her *réunion*."

"Yes; I have promised my daughter to go to the ball. But the Duchesse is Imperialist. M. de Mauléon seems to be either a Legitimist, according to M. le Marquis, or an Orleanist, according to our friend De Brézé."

"What of that? Can there be a more loyal Bourbonite than De Rochebriant?—and *he* goes to the ball. It is given out of the season, in celebration of a family marriage. And the Duchesse de Tarascon is connected with Alain, and therefore with De Mauléon, though but distantly.

"Ah! excuse my ignorance of genealogy."

"As if the genealogy of noble names were not the history of France," muttered Alain, indignantly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAGANINI.

PHYSICAL causes acted at times oddly and instantly upon his brain; at others they found him like stone. He was not always open to impressions, which at certain moments would find him so receptive that he became the utter incarnation of them. He was full of contradictions, which he cared little to explain either to himself or to others. He traveled with the utmost speed from place to place; in the hottest weather he would have all the carriage windows closed. Although latterly his lungs affected his voice, which became thin and feeble, he delighted to talk loudly when rattling over the roads; the noise of the wheels seemed to excite him, and set his brain going. He never entered an inn on the road, but would sit in his carriage until the horses were ready, or walk up and down wrapped in his great cloak, and resent being spoken to.

Arrived at his hotel, he would throw all his doors and windows open, and take what he called an air bath; but he never ceased to abuse the climate of Germany, and said that Italy was the only place fit to live in. His luggage was extremely simple; a small napkin might have contained the whole of his wardrobe—a coat, a little linen, and a hat-box; a small carpet-bag; a shabby trunk, containing his Guarnerius violin, his jewels, a clean shirt, and his money—that was all. He carried papers of immense value in a red pocket-book, along with concert tickets, letters, and accounts. These last no one but himself could read, as he knew hardly any arithmetic, and calculated, but with great accuracy, on some method of his own. He cared little where he slept, and seldom noticed what he ate or drank. He never complained of the inns—every place seemed much alike to him—out of Italy; he detested them all equally. He seldom noticed scenery, or cared for the sights of foreign towns. To himself he was the only important fact every where. He often started without food in the early morning, and remained fasting all day. At night he would take a light supper and some camomile tea, and sleep soundly until morning. At times he ate ravenously. He remained taciturn for days, and then he would have all his meals sent up to his room; but at some hotels he would dine at the table-d'hôte, and join freely in conversation. He lay on his sofa doing nothing the greater part of every day; but when making plans for the publication of his works, or the founding of a musical institution, which at one time occupied much of his thoughts, he would stride up and down his room, and talk in a rapid and animated manner.

After dinner he habitually sat in his room in total darkness until half-past ten, when he went to bed. Sometimes from sixty to eighty people, eager to see him, would wait upon him at his hotel in the course of the day. When compelled to see visitors he was polite; but the intrusion of strangers fatigued and annoyed him, and he often refused himself to every one. He would bolt his docr, and not take the least notice of any knocks. He would sit for hours almost motionless in a kind of trance, and apparently absorbed in deep thought; but he was not always averse to society. He was fond of conversing with a few friends, and entered into whatever games and recreations were going on with much zest; but if any one mentioned music he would relapse into a sullen silence, or go off to some other part of the room. He disliked dining out; but when he accepted he usually ate largely of every thing on the table. Although he mixed freely with the world, like Chopin, he was a solitary man, and reserved to the last degree. No one seemed to be in his confidence. He had an excellent memory—yet certain faces seemed to pass from him absolutely. His fidelity to both his parents was not the least remarkable point in his strange character, and although ardently attached to money, he could be generous at the call of what he considered duty, and even lavish when charity was concerned; indeed, he frequently gave concerts for the benefit of the poor, remembering the time when he had been a poor man himself.

REFORM IN SERMONS.

THE sermon has been and is much abused—so much so that it has become to many men, who are neither atheists nor reprobates, a thing to be avoided by all means, or, failing that, to be abridged, endured, slept through, any thing but listened to. It can not be denied that much of this feeling is the result of our increasing hatred of any thing like physical discomfort or penance, and our natural distaste for all things sacred and spiritual. But preach as the preacher may against the world, the flesh, and the devil, we can not abolish either of them, and the second will cling to us persistently even in church, while the other two are never very far off. What better opportunity can the mind have for wandering into secular thoughts, than the weary, sleepy forty-five minutes of a poor sermon? The slight impression which even a good sermon makes in the first twenty minutes is more than dissipated by the concluding twenty, "and the last state of that man is worse than the first"—because he rises weary, impatient, exasperated, and painfully aware that in enduring, as he has done, he has been a martyr to public opinion more than to his own sense of right.

There is but little need to dwell upon the musical and devotional part of service, for much has been done to improve and make these attractive. The sermon, however, has not kept pace with the other departments. In many cases, especially in dissenting churches, it has grown too long. Were all sermons of forty-five minutes eloquent and able, they would still be too long for a standing dish. The sermon is no longer needed (as it once was) as the chief medium of instructing the people in religious truth. The hearer needs not so much to be taught as to be reminded, and to have heart and conscience stirred up. This constitutes the great difference between sermons and political or other speeches, which must sometimes be hours long. It requires a very able preacher, indeed, to interest all his hearers to the end of a forty-five minutes' sermon, because he has little new to tell. Few men can compose two original sermons, of forty-five minutes, every week, which will command patient attention, and tend to edification more than weariness. What misery must commonplace men inflict, and what misery must they endure, in their vain endeavors to keep up to the mark. Need we wonder that the conscientious, sensitive man often breaks down under the task, while he of the easy temper and ready tongue shirks it by trusting to weak and rambling extemporary effusions? The most obvious remedy is to shorten and simplify the sermon, and perhaps have only one instead of two per week. It is doubtless more difficult to give a fixed amount of matter in twenty than in forty minutes, but then don't compress the matter of forty into twenty minutes; give short, forcible, earnest addresses of about twenty-five minutes in the every-day language of educated men; expunge all useless verbiage and conventional set phrases; go over very little ground; have no "fourthly, fifthly, and in conclusion;" but one leading, prominent thought on truth or duty, and only one; illustrate and enforce this with all knowledge and eloquence, and do not weary hearers by long and superfluous applications, because this one distinct thought will be firmly fixed and carried away in their minds.

There is too much running after famous preachers, just as people run after famous actors and singers, not to be improved, but to be amused. It may be urged that the sermon being a necessity in some shape, people are justified in seeking for the best they can get; but we submit, if all sermons were short, *more* sermons would be good. Doubtless, were all men devout, there would be but little need for good sermons, and we should go to church and worship and praise God each for himself and all together; our devotion stimulated, as it was intended to be, by social sympathy, into a grander volume of praise. But, alas! we have not reached this point, and the crying want is fewer, shorter, and yet more intense and powerful sermons. We demand this both on behalf of preacher and hearer, and most of all, on behalf of that growing class of people, especially men, who are fast slipping beyond the influence of vital religion.

LITTLE MISERIES.

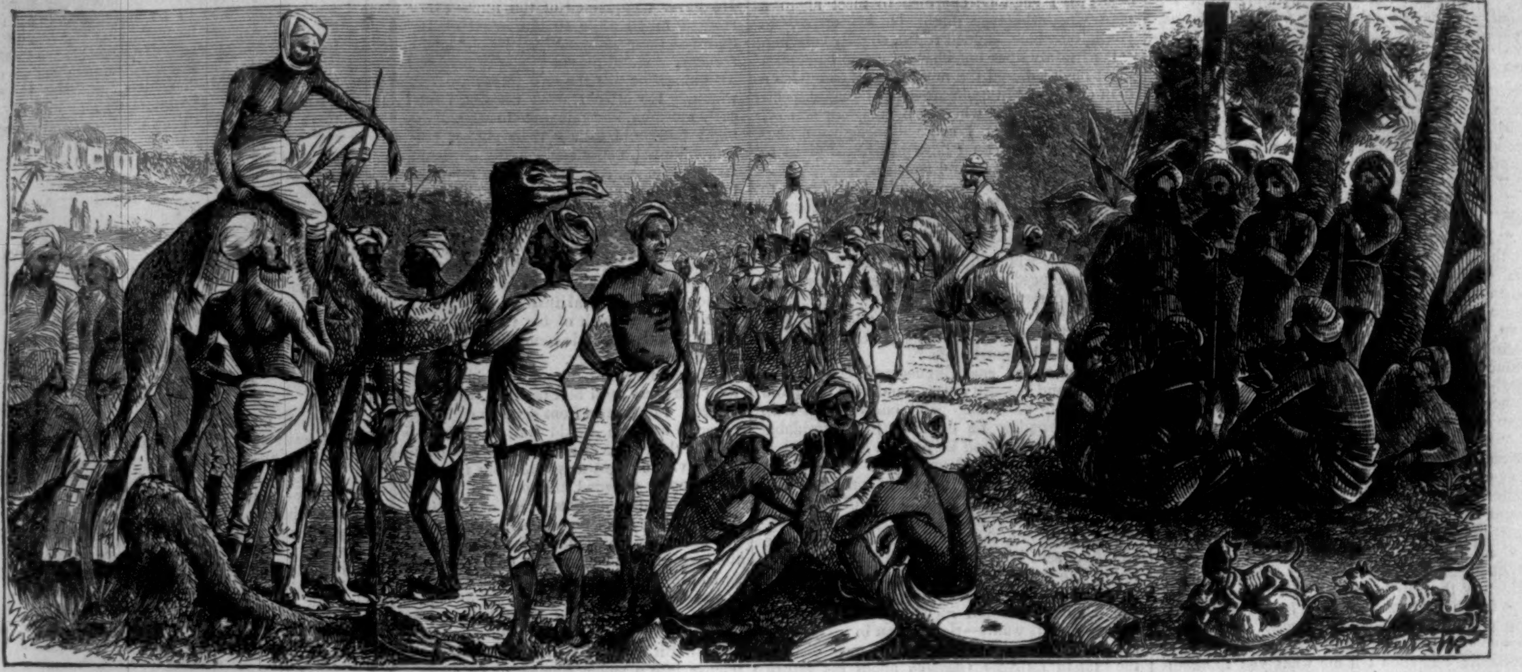
MANY men take a delight in their troubles, and generally these are the people who have really nothing to complain of. It affords some men, for instance, infinite delight to grumble at their dinner—that is, not, perhaps, to find fault with the thing as a whole, but to pick out some one point and unfavorably criticise it. Take such a man where this course is not legitimately open to him, and he will experience a void, and, if there be real cause for discontent, probably lapse into sullenness. In the former instance, his irritation is generally only short-lived; in the latter, being compelled to keep his grievance to himself, it is of much longer continuance. The failing under consideration grows upon its victims. The man who commences by grumbling at trifling woes, being led thereto, probably, by a simple desire to let off some of his superfluous spleen, too frequently ends by manufacturing troubles to such an extent, and howling about them so loudly, that he becomes a positive nuisance.

There is no being so disagreeable to encounter as a man who seems to have every thing that he ought to want, but who is constantly assuming a hypochondriacal mien and talking in such a manner that any one might be excused for thinking that he had been nourished in his infancy upon Cayenne, chillies, or something of an equally warm and irritant nature. Who is unacquainted with that aggravating being who is constantly imagining himself ill, and goes into paroxysms of ill temper upon the subject of draughts, who will snarl for ten minutes if, by some mischance, you enter the room and forget to close the door after you? Just as familiar is the individual who flies into a passion if any one meddles with his books or papers. When such a man has a garden, it is to him a source of endless discomfort. He is continually in a fume because some thoughtless wight has entered the vinery and let the chill air in, thereby running a good chance of spoiling the grapes, in which he takes so much pride. He is often driven to the verge of distraction by the slugs and insects which destroy his strawberries, his flowers, and blight his apple-trees. With his gardener he is constantly at loggerheads because that functionary has done this or has omitted to do that. Yet in all that which he complains of, the pain endured on his part is more imaginary than real. As a matter of fact, he would suffer no bodily inconvenience were every thing he grows destroyed by his enemies. But then he persuades himself that he is deeply aggrieved, and that is the main thing.

It is a significant fact that many people feel as deeply concerning the insignificant trifles of life as ever an Alexander or a Napoleon did regarding his great campaigns. It is not so much the work which one is engaged in, it is the spirit in which that work is entered upon, which renders it, from a sentimental point of view, important or otherwise. The great sufferers from small miseries are, for the most part, people whose woes are inseparably connected with their amusements. Many a man could hear of the loss of his fortune with more equanimity than he could be told of the death of a favorite pigeon or dog. Under these circumstances, then, it is not surprising that the idlers of society, as being the most afflicted in the direction indicated, are more distinguished than any other class by the ill grace with which they encounter small troubles, their inability to brook contradiction, and their general unevenness of temper. Speak to one of these, and it will be found frequently that if, owing to his own density, he fails to understand your meaning, he will at once get "huffy," and condemn your stupidity in terms more emphatic than polite. Endeavor to show him that he is to blame, and the chances are that he has a downright quarrel with you. Nothing is worse than for two such idlers of society to have a "breeze." A tree which allows its branches to grow where it perhaps ought not, but where they are really doing no harm, is a sufficient *casus belli.*

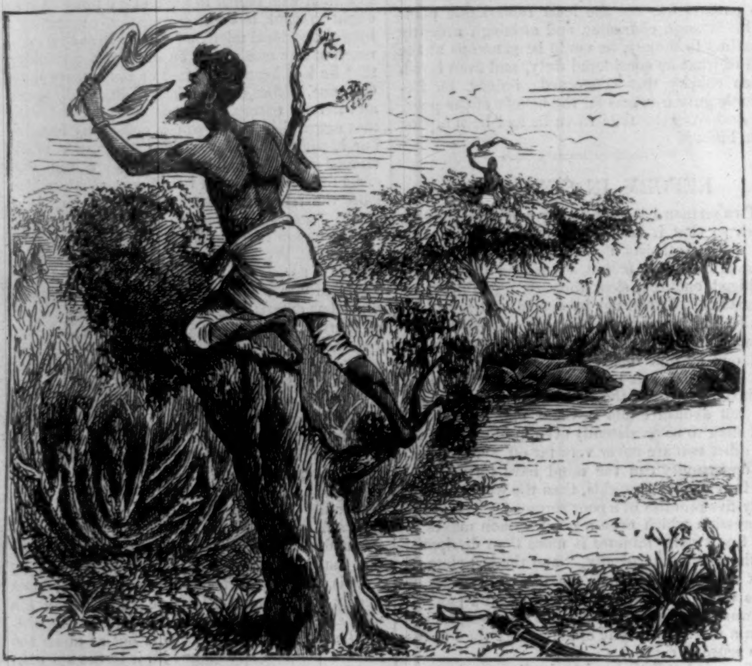
An aimless, do-nothing life has an unmistakable tendency to make a man become effeminate and a general whiner. He may at the commencement of his career be affable and agreeable, but having, unfortunately, too much time in which to develop that love of carping and grumbling which seems inherent in us all, he too often ends by becoming a crotchety, cranky old wasp. Thus is it that old people are frequently less easy-going than young ones. They have allowed their failings in this respect—whatever they may have done in other respects—to grow until they are beyond control, while their juniors, if exhibiting the cloven hoof, do not so in an obtrusive manner. While unprepared to give much consideration to those who have allowed their vices to get the upper hand of them, we feel that there is some excuse for them, and that it is therefore a good thing that the majority of people have no time to devote to causeless complaining.

HOG-HUNTING IN INDIA.

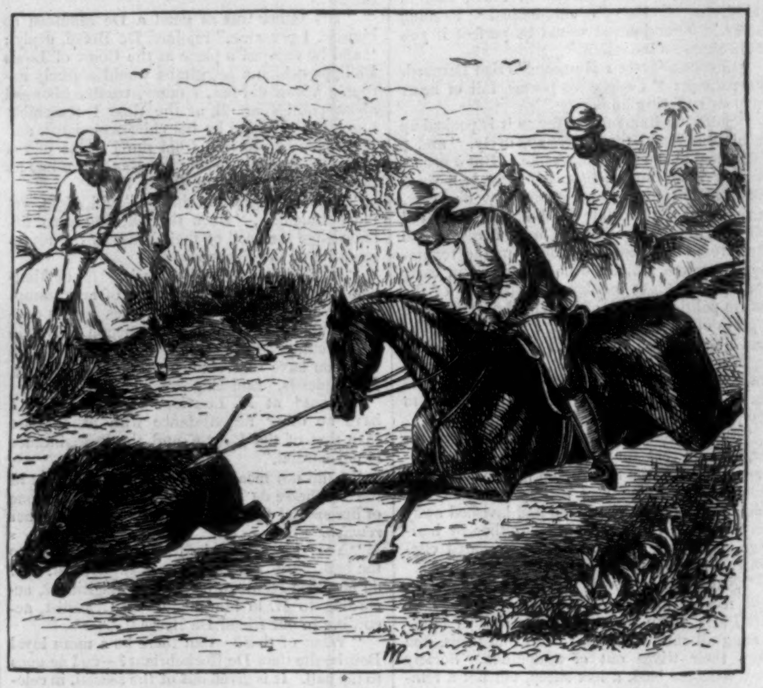


THE MEET.

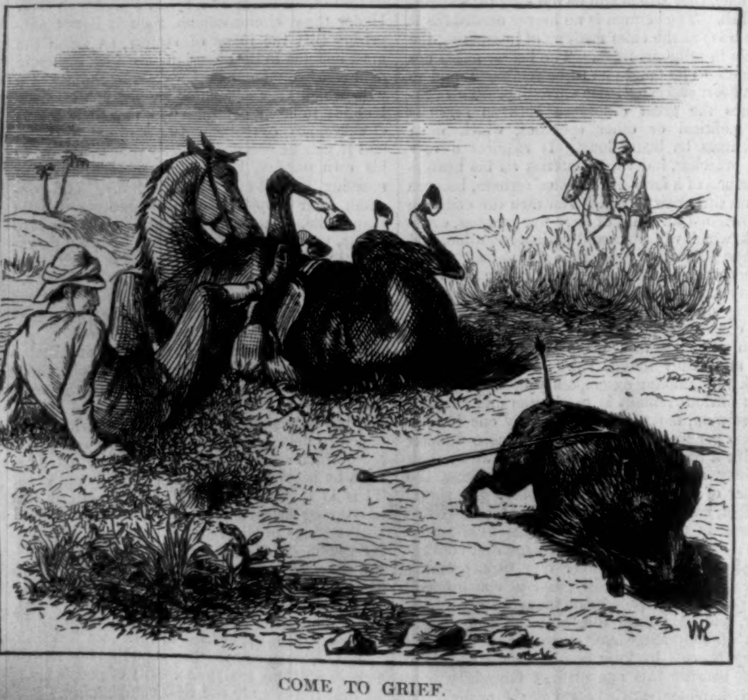
The sport of hog-hunting is carried on in much the same manner in all parts of India, except that on the Bombay side the spear is held in a different manner. The Bengal spear, six or seven feet in length, is held overhand, and is jabbed into the pig by a quick stab downward from the elbow, while the Bombay spear, which is from eight to ten feet in length, is held underhand, like a lance, and is driven into the pig more by the impetus of the horse than by any action on the part of the man. In both cases a leaden ferule is with advantage attached to the butt end of the spear, so as to bring the balance as far from the point as possible. Pig-sticking no longer flourishes on the Bombay side of India as it once did. Old members of the "Guzerat" and "Deccan" hunts can testify to the palmy days of the sport they have seen when pigs were plentiful around the larger stations, and horses were cheaper than they are now; when the "Deal Table" Hunt or "Tent Club" pitched a camp in the jungle for a week or more, and large fields of sportsmen met together to hunt through the days and drink through the nights, and cheering to the echo the favorite old Bombay song of "The Boar, the mighty Boar." Nowadays perhaps only in Bengal can the sport be conducted on a grand scale, including the large



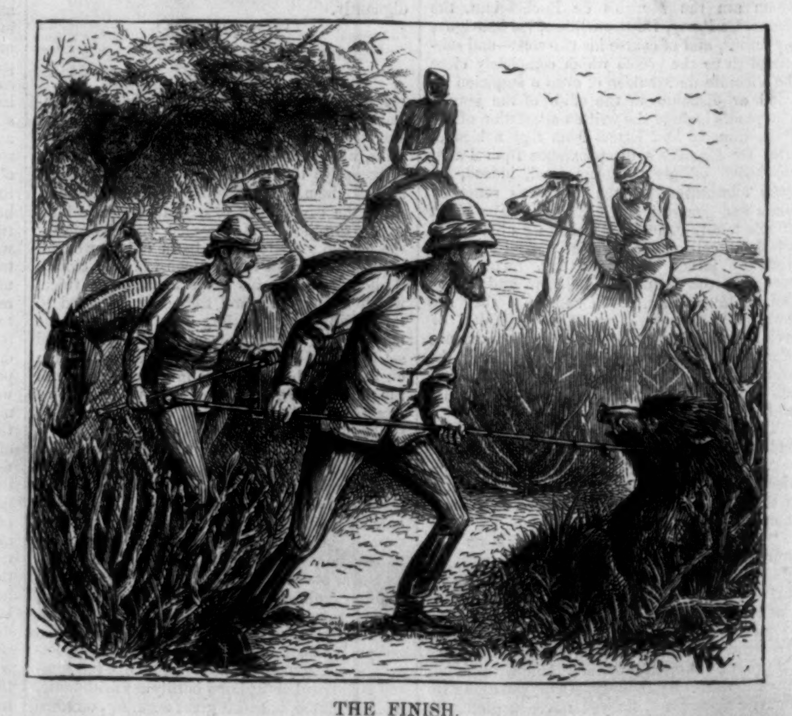
GONE AWAY.



THE RUN.



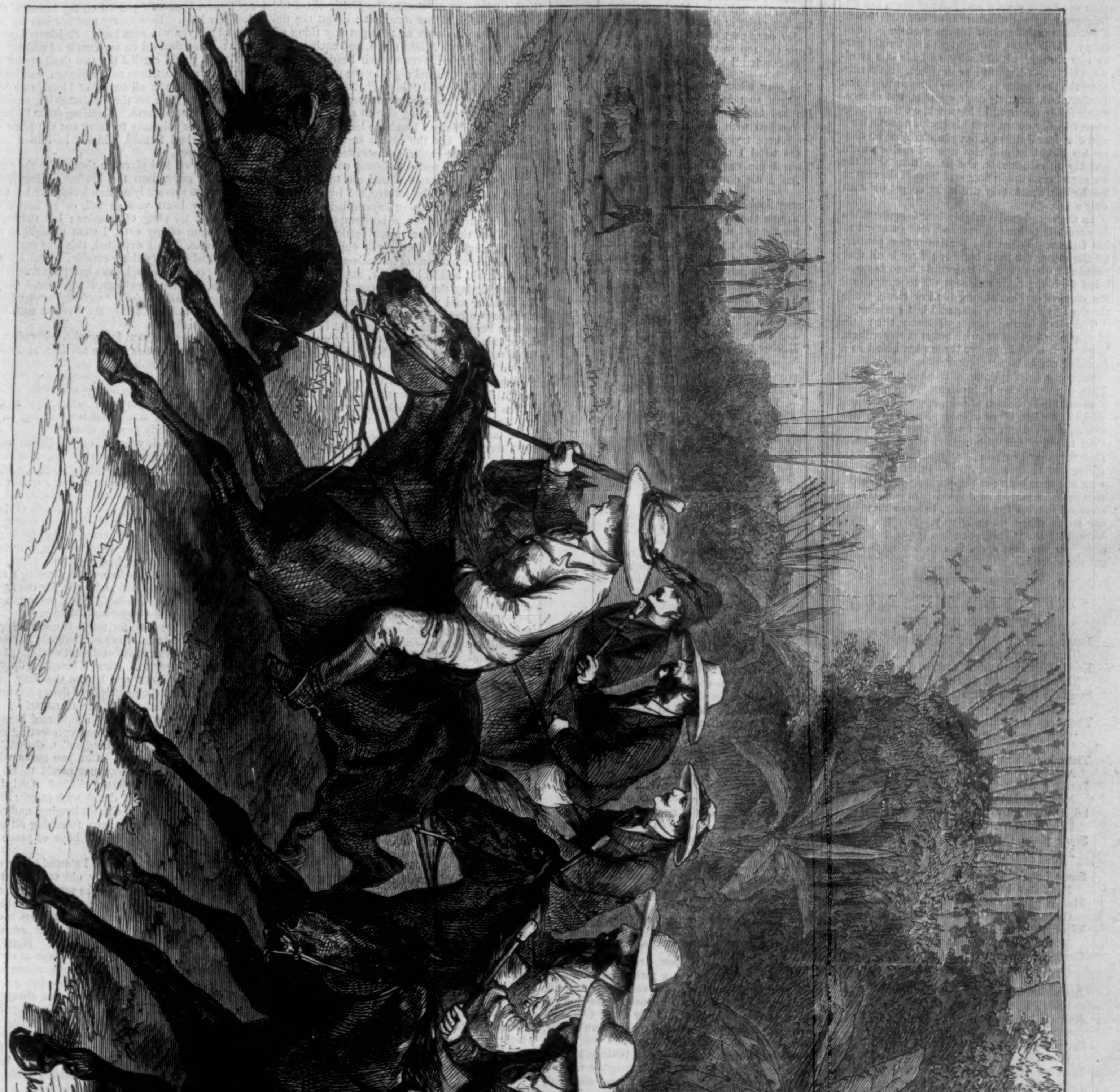
COME TO GRIEF.



THE FINISH.

fields of hunters, the array of elephants and beaters, the variety of "moving accidents by flood and field," and the long return of killed and wounded boars.

Although the pigs near the large camps have given way before the zeal of generations of sportsmen, there is still many a boar to be hunted in a quiet way by those whose lot is cast in the jungles and outlying districts of Western India.



HOG-HUNTING IN BENGAL.

The recreations of a country life in these parts still include a limited amount of pig-sticking, and it is a run under such circumstances that the sketches in the present number are intended to represent. There is nothing gorgeously Oriental about this phase of the sport, but the fun of it is the same.

Ohkamundel is the most western corner of the peninsula of Guzerat, called Kathiawar, where pigs still hold out in fair numbers, favored by the natural formation of the country, which is covered by irregular stretches of thick cactus and thorn jungle, interspersed with low, flat tamarind-trees, and having intermediate expanses of grass and fallow plains, practicable for cavalry. A small party of three sportsmen meet in the early morning at a favorable spot previously fixed on, and take counsel for driving the jungle. The puggies (trackers) and markers, who have been out before dawn to watch for pigs returning from the fields, their feeding-grounds at night, to their resting-places by day in the thick jungle, drop in and report what they have seen. The peons and police Sepoys, who have been pressed into the service to direct the line of beaters and assist the manœuvres, take the last whiffs of the hookah around the fire before commencing their arduous duties, and the beaters, conspicuous among them their chief, mounted on an indigenous camel of the district, cluster apart from the rest on account of their low caste and contaminating touch, rehearsing the approaching sport with many local jokes and horse-play among themselves. Native drums and other instruments of alarm lie by their side, and the village dogs, who have joined the beaters, sprawl on the ground alongside.

Meanwhile horses are saddled afresh, and servants fill the breakfast baskets and serve them out, together with "chegals," or leathern water-bags, to the beaters. All being ready, a move is made on the jungle into which pigs have been marked, and a disposition of the forces made. The beaters are drawn up in line, facing the direction the pigs are required to take; peons and Sepoys, with blank cartridge, and the drummers, being placed at intervals. The horsemen take up positions favorable for getting away, and the markers ascend trees on the skirts of the jungle, or assume other points of advantage.

The silence is then broken by a sustained series of the most demoniacal noises producible by the means at disposal, and the beat commences. If the "puggies" have been good men and true, no long time elapses before a marker is seen waving his "pugree" from a tree, as a number of pigs, after rolling about the low cactus bushes like a shoal of porpoises in a rough sea, break from the jungle and race across the open. Spurr are applied, and the hunters scramble through the jungle in their wake. The first object is to separate the largest boar of the party from the rest, for with him alone can the sportsmen deal with honor. This being done, the run commences, which is always proportionate to the size and weight of the boar. A gaunt, grizzly, half-starved hog in the hot weather will lead a field for three miles at top speed, while a large and heavy cold-weather boar will soon find that running is not his forte, and will often, rather than use his legs, turn and fight at once, not unfrequently by a combination of bold fronts and short runs making good his retreat to a place of safety. If he runs, his strength and weight carry him through all obstacles, and his line is always the most difficult he can select. As a rule, after the first spear is delivered he scorns to run further, but, meeting each spear at the charge, either falls exhausted in his track, or, tottering to some friendly cover, puts his back against a bush and dies like Julius Cæsar. In charging he rises on his hind-legs and rips upward and outward quickly to either side, and it is then that the horse and rider are in danger. Should the charge not be fairly met, they are lucky to get off with only a fall.

In the sketches the mighty boar is supposed to be successfully hunted, speared, and gathered to his fathers. When the beaters arrive panting on the scene, the pork butcher's duty is all that remains to be done. The grizzly head is separated from the body and sent off to camp, and the carcass divided among the low caste, while the dogs fight over the liver and last remains.

The horses having rested sufficiently, the whole party proceed as before, with better or worse luck. With such a small party, three pigs killed in a morning would be very good sport.

Such is a brief epitome of five runs out of six. They of course vary in incident. The pig is not always killed; horses are sometimes ripped and crippled for life, if not killed. Not so often their riders, who seldom meet with a worse accident than a heavy fall, although it is quite possible that they may be ripped in the saddle as the boar springs, or be attacked on the ground. No one who has ever been out pig-sticking has failed to recognize its merits as a sport. It is useless to contrast it with fox-hunting, because they both are so excellent in their way. As the "Bon Vivant" said, "The best wine is two bottles of port," so the best sport is that which you can get the most of.

"FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED."

A WEST VIRGINIA IDYL.

DEAD in his bed thar, Miss Moser,
That's whar they found him to day;
Kerried away without warnin'—
Took in a snap, you mought say.
Smilin' as ef he war sleepin',
Both his arms onder his head:
That was the kurriner's vardick—
"Stranger—found dead in his bed."

Yisterday he at Squire Toney's,
Axt heaps of questions of John;
Lookt like a right friendly pusson—
Now the lone creatur' is gone.
So, I allow, my pore Benny
Died in some place fur away—
Some place I'll never diskiver
Now twell my own dyin' day.

Some beggin' furriner? Skeercely!
Must hev bin powerful rich!
Had a goold watch in his poke thar,
Great heaps of greenbacks an' sich.
What brought him yer to the mountings
Nobody found out or knows.
Come yer from off the Ohio,
Lookin' for timber, I s'pose.

Ain't sich an ole man, he, nuther—
Risin', I jedge, forty year;
Had an ole mother, too, likely—
Some one that held him as dear.
So, p'r'aps, my own darlin' Benny,
Him that I never 'll see,
Died fur away among strangers—
Died somewhar else fur from me.

Well, then, I'll tell you, Miss Moser,
Jes how the thing come to be
(No, I don't mind it a mossel;
'Tis ruther a comfort to me)—
Jes how the suckumst'nce happint,
How on a bright summer day,
Thirty-one year come nex' August,
Benny, my boy, run away.

Benny was allus projectin'
Works that he'd kerry right through.
Peert! well, he was, an' detarmined—
Jes what he sed he would do.
I let the honey, Miss Moser,
Do pooty much as he choose;
How could her son a lone widow,
How could a mother, refuse?

Hiram M'Comas—Dan's Hiram—
Lived up agin the P'int Ridge,
Down in the Cany Branch Hollow
(Thar's whar the Yanks built the bridge
Time they an' our folks war fightin'):
Hiram a sailor had bin,
But had come back to the mountings,
Sayin' he'd die with his kin.

Benny he took so to Hiram—
Hiram who lived by himself
Full half a mile on the mounting,
Back on the uppermost shelf:
Liked to hear Hiram tell stories
All about big ships that swim
Out on the salt, stormy ocean—
Hiram, he took some to him.

Well, I remember one mornin'
Forgyson's Nancy come down
Over the gap in the mounting,
Ridin' for store goods to town.
Benny come ridin' behind her—
He'd bin to Hiram's all night—
And ef that Hiram he hadn't
Marked him twell he was a sight.

I never see sich a figger
When the pore boy was ondrest—
Speckled tattooin', he called it,.
Over his arms an' his breast.
On his right arm was an anchor;
Jes over that was a B;
Over the top was a criss-cross;
Onder it all was an E.

You may allow that I washed him,
Tryin' to take it away;
Rubbed him an' scrubbed him all mornin',
Worked with him nigh half a day.
So I kept tryin' an' tryin'
On twell I thought I'd hev died;
Then I gin out in a passion,
An' I sot down thar an' cried.

Benny looked up an' sed, "Mother,
That's the way all sailors do."
"Do they?" sez I; "then I'll larn you
Hiram sha'n't play tricks on you."
Out come the switch from the corner,
An'—for my temper was riz—
Didn't I work on the creatur',
Tannin' that body of his!

Benny he didn't an' wouldn't
Let out a tear or a cry:
"Mother," he sed, "a true sailor
Wouldn't sing out ef he'd die.
Never you mind! now you're lickin',
Make it a good one, for shore
You kin jes bet all your silver
Benny you'll never lick more.

"'Tisn't no use of your huggin'—
No, I won't give you a kiss!
See ef I don't make you sorry—
Sorry you've licked me like this.
I'll run away for a sailor;
I'll be a pride to my kin;
Never twell he's a rich captain
You shell see Benny agin!"

Then he run off up the Hollow;
That didn't give me a fright,
Reck'nin' he'd gone off to Hiram's,
Meanin' to stay thar all night.
But when I sent up nex' mornin',
Through me it went with a jar,
When the word come back from Hiram's,
Benny, he hadn't bin thar.

When we had raised all the country,
By-an'-by up come a man,
Sayin' he'd seen sich a youngster
Down at the mouth of Guyan.
Thar was the last we could trace him;
That was the last place he'd bin:
Thirty-one years come nex' August—
I never saw him agin.

No! I've no hope that I'll see him;
P'r'aps when Im dead we may meet:
Wonder ef *he* has a mother—
He that lies onder yan sheet?
Wonder ef *his* arm is speckled?
Let's turn the sleeve up an' see:
God! oh, my Benny! my captain!
Have you, then, come back to me?

A SETTLER'S REVENGE.

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP-FIRE.

I WAS not always the low, drunken ruffian you now see me. My father, a retired officer in the army, although not rich, was sufficiently well off, and gave me a first-rate education, sending me from Rugby to Oxford. After I left Oxford I lived with my father for rather more than a year, and formed an attachment to one of our neighbors' daughters. Not being in a position to marry, it was agreed that I should emigrate to Australia, in the hope of pushing my way, and that, if I was successful, Annie would follow as soon as I had a home to offer her. My father generously gave me a thousand pounds to start with; and full of hopes and happy visions of the future, I left England. With my capital—which in those days was a small fortune to a steady, persevering man—I soon had a snug station, and two years afterward wrote for Annie to come out to me. For the next five years my life was one constant stream of happiness, ever flowing on evenly and smoothly. One little girl we had, the light and sunshine of our home—a little bright-eyed fairy, with long, fair curls falling in a golden shower round her sweet, innocent, childish face, and with all the dear little coaxing, winning ways of a darling child. Oh, how I love to recall her musical laugh, her sweet little lisping voice, and in fancy to hear again the patter of her happy, flying feet! My wife, my second self—more dear to me than all the world! How can I tell how I loved her? Often during the long nights do I sit, as in days of yore, hand in hand, communing with her in the spirit. But enough of this. Let me tell you how you see me the low, polluted wretch I now am.

Our sheep and cattle had increased so much that it was necessary to find more country for them, and I therefore "took up" a considerable tract farther inland; and as I required to be there much myself, we thought it best to make our home there. Accordingly, I got a comfortable house run up, and soon afterward removed to our new home. Our new station was rather out of the way, the nearest neighbor we had being fourteen miles from us; but with plenty of occupation during the day, and abundance of books, and never tiring of our own society, the time never hung weary on our hands, and each day exceeded the last in happiness.

In the part of the country where we were, large numbers of blacks roamed about; but, although they occasionally stole a sheep, they never did us any real injury, and we used them kindly, giving them little trifling presents, such as flour, sugar, and now and then a bright-colored handkerchief. The women, in particular, used often to come to my wife, and beg for some scraps of gay-colored cloth. My wife once or twice tried to induce them to wear more clothes, by giving them old petticoats, etc., of her own, but without the desired effect. As soon as they got any thing of the sort, they tore it into strips, and each took a piece and wrapped it round their heads; so that it was no very unusual sight to see some twenty or thirty "gins" and "lubras" round about the house, with the most gorgeous head-dresses, but minus almost every thing else at all approaching to clothing. Many a laugh we had at such a ludicrous sight; but the blacks seemed to think themselves great swells, and strutted about, giving themselves all sorts of absurd, conceited airs.

This quiet life was destined not to last much longer, and was to be interrupted by a tragedy so horrible as to be almost beyond belief.

One of our neighbors, a hot-tempered, violent man, when riding after some cattle, came on a party of blacks who were busily engaged in gorging themselves on one of his bullocks, which they had speared; and in his anger, hastily, and without considering the probable consequences, drew his revolver and shot one of them dead. For some days after this not a black was to be seen, and we began to think they had fled in a fright. I, for one, felt rather sorry—as they were sometimes very useful in cutting bark for roofing huts, and in tracking strayed sheep and cattle—and regretted that they should be driven from their natural home by such a thoughtless act of violence.

Ten days after this took place, I had to go to a muster of cattle at a station thirty miles from mine, and could not possibly return before the next day. My wife, for some unexplained reason, seemed loath to part with me, and even tried to persuade me to stay; but as I had lost some cattle, and hoped to find them among my neighbor's mob, I was anxious to go, and only laughed at her. Accordingly, I departed; but after riding about a mile, an unaccountable fear took possession of me, and, unable to resist it, I turned my horse's head and galloped back.

When I got to the house, my fears appeared so ridiculous and groundless that I made an excuse of having forgotten some trifling article, and after again kissing my wife and darling little May, I once more took my departure. Again the same feeling of despondence—a presentiment of some unspeakable horror—came over me, and I nearly turned back, resolved to give up the journey altogether. Would to God I had done so! Better far to have died then, happy and guiltless, than to have lived to become the wicked, miserable, sinful wretch that I now am, cast away and lost in this world.

Not before I reached the station where I was going did I recover my usual spirits; then, in the excitement of drafting and branding cattle, I forgot my fears, or only remembered them to wonder at my weakness in giving way to such idle fancies.

Next day I returned home, taking with me a small mob of cattle which had strayed from my run and joined my neighbor's herd. These I joined with the first mob of my own I found, and hurried onward, anxious to reach my house.

Again all my former forebodings returned, and with greater force than before. I could not, reason as I would with myself, divest my mind of the idea that some great misfortune was about to fall on me—that some horrible catastrophe was about to be revealed. I kept fancying I heard my wife and my child's voices ringing in my ears, calling upon me in wailing tones to return.

Galloping forward at reckless speed, my excitement increased as I neared the station, until the throbbing of the pulses in my head and the violent beating of my heart became painfully intense. In front of the station-house was a low hill, and when I reached the top of this, I saw, in the valley below me, the house, seemingly as I had left it the day before. The evening sun, shining brightly on it, cast long shadows, and the house and all about it looked so quiet, peaceful, and undisturbed that my fears were at once allayed, and, uttering a prayer of thankfulness to Heaven, I reined my smoking horse into a walk, and rode slowly forward, allowing him to cool after his wild gallop, before turning him into the paddock for the night.

As I neared the door, no dogs as usual rushed out to meet me, no sign of life was visible; and it was with a beating heart that I dismounted and entered the house.

Merciful God, what a sight met my bewildered eyes! Among the scattered, broken furniture lay my wife's form, her lovely hair tangled and stiff with clotted blood, her dress torn into shreds and nearly pulled off her. With a low cry, I sprang forward, and lifted her in my arms. Cold, cold, and stiff; her head crushed, and her sweet face so bruised and disfigured that no trace of features could be discerned. And there beside her lay the body of my little darling May, with her poor little head crushed in by a blow from a savage tomahawk. Her childish face was unhurt, and looked as lovely in death as in life. Even the demons who had slain her could not find the heart to destroy her innocent, angel-like loveliness. As I pressed my lips to hers, my senses forsook me, and I sank into a deep faint. When I regained consciousness, all around me was dark, and for hours I sat beside the indistinct forms of the dead, unable to think, scarcely believing all to be true, saying to myself that it was only a horrible dream from which I should soon awaken and find all well. As the daylight dawned, my brain recovered from the shock, and my senses returned, and I got up and walked about. Oh, that I could have relieved my pent-up feelings by a flood of bitter tears! My brain felt burned up, and my heart seemed each moment to get harder and harder, and but one thought occupied my mind. A terrible demon had taken triumphant possession of my soul—the demon of revenge! Coolly I thought over my plans. Many thoughts of revenge suggested themselves to my burning brain; but all were dismissed as being neither complete nor terrible enough to satisfy me. In my frenzy, I actually prayed on my knees to the devil for help. How surely and horribly he answered me you will soon hear. Suddenly I grew calm: I had decided on my course of action.

Then I gently carried the two dead bodies of my loved and lost ones to a bedroom, and carefully washed away all traces of blood, and laid them side by side on the bed, strewing wreaths of flowers around them. Kneeling down by their side, I swore solemnly to carry out the plans of revenge I had formed, without hesitation and without mercy.

Until now I had given no thought to the servants; but going into the kitchen, I found the one woman servant lying murdered, like her mistress. My heart was so full, or so hardened, that I felt no pang of emotion; but muttering a repetition of my oath, I went straight to the store-house. As I expected, this was completely emptied of every thing eatable. Had I wanted any proof that the blacks had perpetrated this murderous, wanton outrage, it was here. On the floor lay a black fellow's "waddie," covered with blood and hair, evidently the weapon used with such fatal effect.

I pass over the next few weeks. People wondered at the manner I bore my loss, and called me unfeeling, hard-hearted, and without natural affection. Had they but guessed the truth!—how I was patiently abiding my time, waiting quietly for my opportunity, when, like a wild, ravenous tiger, I would suddenly spring on my victims and utterly destroy them.

For months I waited, but no blacks came. Then, judging rightly that they feared to return so long as I was there, I sold my station, alleging as a reason my repugnance to living on the spot where such misfortunes had occurred to me, and where I was constantly being reminded of them.

It was long ere the blacks took courage to come back to their old quarters; but by degrees they did so, and began to settle down to their old life, living on 'possum, kangaroo rats, yams, and, when not likely to be discovered, stealing a sheep or calf, and doing little odd jobs for the settlers in order to obtain a little flour, or—what they valued still more—sugar and tobacco.

Now was the time for me to commence operations; and, feverish from excitement, I prepared for indulging the worst and most devilish passion that man is prey to. First, I bought a dray and a team of bullocks, and loaded the dray lightly with stores, consisting chiefly of flour; but among the bags was one small one of sugar. I next went to various druggists' shops, and bought a large quantity of strychnine, representing that I wanted it to poison "dingoes" with. This I mixed with the sugar. Can you guess what I meant to do? Are you not afraid to sit here with such a black-hearted villain? Oh! I was mad—wild with grief, drunk with anger; lost to every feeling but an insatiable longing, and eager, hungry craving for revenge: forsaking all to obtain it—freely giving up all hope of peace here and hereafter for its sake.

I felt almost happy when I started off up country, in the direction of my old station; it was the first real beginning of the terrible end, and I thought when all was completed I should be able to rest in peace. After days of tedious travel I reached a small open space on the run, surrounded by dense forest and thick scrub. Here I determined to halt, and make the scene of my brutal wickedness. It was a favorite resort of the blacks, or had been, owing to there being a large water-hole in the creek, which was always well stocked with fish; and I felt certain I would not have to wait long before they came. Unyoking my bullocks, I allowed them to stray where they liked, never intending to use them again. I then found a spot in the scrub where I should be well hidden from view, but from which I could command a clear sight of the little open space in front; and here I took up my quarters, anxiously waiting for signs of the blacks. Nor had I long to wait; for that very evening a small party of them came, and, seeing the dray with no one looking after it, drew near and examined it. Evidently they feared to meddle with it—thinking, no doubt, that the owner was not far distant—for they went away without touching any thing. This, from what I knew of the timidity of their natures, was exactly what I expected. Soon after daylight next morning I saw a large party of them come out of the forest, and march straight up to the dray. This time they were all armed with spears, waddies, and boomerangs, and were daubed all over their bodies and faces with red ochre, looking more hideous than even nature made them; and—no doubt wishing to strike terror into the owner of the dray, should he happen to be there, by their fierce looks and savage gesticulations—rushed forward toward the dray, brandishing their weapons and uttering loud, savage cries. Finding no one there, they began to ransack the contents of the load, and finally made off, taking with them as much flour as they could carry, and the fatal bag of sugar. For one moment a pang of remorse shot through my heart, and, for the first time, a glimpse of the horrible nature of my devilish purpose shone forth, and I started up and called loudly on the poor blacks to stop. Too late, too late! The unfortunate, deluded wretches only ran off the faster, no doubt thinking I wanted back my goods, and, with their usual cowardly fear of white men, fearing to face even one, knowing from past and bitter experience the deadly danger to be apprehended from the white man's gun. Heedless of danger, I followed, vainly anxious now to avert the cowardly deed of which I was guilty. But as I ran, the old hard, black feelings came over me, and the same wicked longing for revenge took full possession of my soul, and I gave up the wish to save the miserable savages. My desire again grew strong to watch the end.

How can I find words to tell you more? It is needless. Sufficient to say that I saw them mix up flour and sugar together, and allowed them to eat the poisonous compound without making the least attempt to stop them. Then such a scene of horror followed, that, mad as I was with rage and despair, I fled far into the bush. Oh, how that terrible day seems to haunt me—how the shrieks of my victims ever seem ringing in my ears! In the morning I returned to the accursed spot, hoping to find one at least alive. Alas! all were dead—dead and cold; their bodies lying scattered about in all sorts of cramped, twisted positions, showing the agony each had suffered before death, more merciful than I, had finally taken compassion and pity on them.

My tale is told. From that hour to this I have never known one moment's peace. The phantom forms of those I murdered ever follow and pursue me—their shrieks of pain ever sound loudly in my ears! And worse—ten times worse than all, ever before me I see the sweet, sad faces of my lost wife and child, mutely and gently upbraiding me; and I feel that never—never through the endless eternity that hangs like a black cloud before me, shall I ever meet them; that in the great and awful future our paths must be far apart; that their home will be in the presence of a great God, kind and loving, where all is ineffable peace and supreme joy and happiness; and that mine must be deep down in the darkest abyss of perdition, amidst everlasting misery, anguish, and despair! For months I roamed through the bush, raving mad. And when, tired and reckless of life, I gave myself up to the police, and told my tale, I was called mad, and disbelieved. Then I took to gambling and drinking, in the vain hope of forgetting for a few brief hours all my misery. In this way I soon spent all my money, and since then have become what you now see me—a low, swearing, drunken sot, the boon companion of blackguards, ticket-of-leave men, and convicts.

WHITE HAIR.

MUCH has been said or written as to the possibility of sudden blanching of the hair, a fact which is admitted by some physiologists, and denied by others. The believers appeal to evident facts, while the unbelievers say that emotions of the mind can have no direct effect on the hair, that they can only influence it through the general health, and that when such changes have been observed, they must be attributed to a cessation from the use of hair dyes. When doctors disagree, a layman must not venture an opinion. We can only say that Mr. Erasmus Wilson, formerly a scoffer, became converted from some facts that occurred within his own knowledge, and he relates some cases in point. A lady, who was expecting her intended husband to arrive by sea from the north of England, on hearing of the foundering of the ship which carried him, swooned, and on the following evening her hair, which had been a deep brown, became as white as snow. Subsequently, the whole of the white hair fell off, and another crop appeared, which was gray, and lasted for many years. Her whole system underwent a revulsion; the fountain of life seemed to dry up, and the very color of her blood exhausted.

It is also narrated that a young Spaniard of noble family had prevailed upon a young lady of high lineage to grant him an interview under the bough of a tree within the garden of the King of Spain. The lovers being betrayed by the barking of a dog, the gentleman was seized and imprisoned by the king's guard. He knew he had committed a capital offense, for which prompt death would be the swift punishment, and he took to heart his impending fate so much, that on the same night he turned gray as one stricken with years. The jailer being moved at the sight, stated the prodigy to King Ferdinand, who thereupon pardoned the venturesome wooer, saying he had been sufficiently punished for his fault.

Some men, in their old age, have a return of this dark hair, just as some individuals have been known in very advanced life to shed their teeth. It is recorded that a man named John Weeks, who died at the ripe age of 114, had recovered the original hue of his hair some years before his death; and that Susan Edmonds, in the 95th year of her life, regained the natural blackness of hers, as in her youth, though it became gray again previous to her death, which occurred when she had numbered 105 years.

TWO YEARS SINCE.

"YOU'LL go through Belgium, find your way to Cologne, and work quietly round to Strasburg. Mind, we are French, and if you can give the Germans a rub without overstepping the bounds of veracity, don't hesitate to pitch into them."

The time, the autumn of 1870; the place, the editor's room of a certain London daily newspaper; the actors, the chief of the said London daily newspaper, and myself.

I had been knocking about town for some time without finding employment. To tell the truth, I was a little bit depressed, as I had just assisted at the demise of a literary venture of my own inauguration. For months I had struggled with printers and paper-makers, engravers and publishers, and last, but not least, my own sanguine hopes. I had tried very hard to prove to my own satisfaction that a pound contained more than twenty shillings, and a shilling more than a dozen pence; but the end, long delayed, had come at last. My contributors had bidden me a sorrowful farewell; my editorial sanctum knew me no longer; the shutters of the office were up, and a placard affixed to the front-door announced to those it might concern that the place was once more "to let." One day I was walking moodily down the Strand, thinking sorrowfully of the past glories of my late paper, *The Phœnix*, and conjecturing whether it ever would be worthy of its name, and rise once more, when I was startled out of my reverie by the pain of a rather hard blow on the shoulder, and the sound of a very hearty voice in my ear. I turned round quickly, and found a smiling face at my elbow.

"What! you don't know me, old fellow?"

I stared at my questioner, and for the moment certainly found it difficult to recognize him. He was roughly clad in very warm clothing, wore a billy-cock hat, and possessed a beard of Crimean proportions; at length it dawned upon me that the stranger was a very dear old friend of mine—one with whom I had not come in contact since I had left school, some ten years before. I took him by the hand, and cried, "What! Charley Scrubey! is it you, or your ghost?"

"It is certainly not my ghost," said my new-found acquaintance, "although lately I have been more than once in a position to permit of my spirit winging its wondrous flight."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this," replied Scrubey; "I have been traveling in France with the Francs-tireurs, gentlemen who, had they nothing better to shoot, would derive considerable amusement by potting at their grandmothers. I'm a 'Special Correspondent,' old man—what do you think of that? But come, you don't look very cheerful; what are you going to do to-night?"

"Nothing," said I, "unless I take a walk on Waterloo Bridge, to have a look at the river by gas-light."

"That's rather an unhealthy recreation at this time of the year. If you have nothing better to do, come and dine with me. I will take no refusal. So mind you are at the Columbus by seven o'clock sharp."

Finding, on examination, that I had nothing better to do, I dressed myself in the regulation suit of black, and joined Scrubey at his club at the hour he had specified. I fear he must have found me very bad company, for, after the claret and biscuits had been put upon the table, he pressed me to tell him what was bothering me, and, as a reward for his sympathy, was entertained with the doleful story of the failure of *The Phœnix*.

He listened attentively, and when I paused at the conclusion of my narrative, turned toward me and said, "Well, old boy, I'm sorry to hear this; but the longest lane has a turning. A very original remark, I'm aware, but not without consolation. What do you intend to do next?"

"I haven't the faintest idea; perhaps criticise third-rate poetry, and poison myself that way; or take a theatre, and ruin myself finally in a fortnight; or jump from London Bridge into the Thames."

"Nonsense," said Scrubey; "this will never do. Behave like a man, and look misfortune in the face. Halloo! a brilliant notion. Why not become one of us?"

"One of you?"

"Yes. Join the band of noble special correspondents: the men who risk their lives in the service of the great British Public; who seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth, and who supply Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson at breakfast with the only known rival to the penny roll, an authentic letter from the seat of war. For further particulars, see the leaders in *The Daily Telegraph*. Well, old man, the idea is worth something—what do you say to it?"

I pondered for a minute, and then answered, with much deliberation, "If I can, I will."

This reply seemed to give Scrubey great satisfaction, and he forthwith commenced an elaborate dissertation upon the art of obtaining "special" appointments. He showed me conclusively that a man of determination, with some literary ability, could easily obtain one, and offered to give me a letter of introduction to the editor of the *London Daily Mercury* (as I shall, with your permission, call the newspaper that secured my services). In fact, he straightened the way and cleared the road for my self-banishment from England. That very evening my credentials to my future chief were handed over to me, and I determined upon presenting them the next morning. Scrubey separated from me with a hearty shake of the hand.

"With your reputation, old fellow, for fearless writing and just criticism [this was a soothing compliment to console me for my latest failure], you are sure to get the post. I don't know where they'll send you; but if you should be dispatched to Paris, I shall be happy to welcome you to a banquet consisting of hashed rats, and a bottle of the very best Burgundy."

Thanking Scrubey for his proffered hospitality, I put on my Ulster coat, lighted a cigar, and left the club. The next morning I called at the office of the *London Daily Mercury*, and found the editor willing, nay, anxious, to add me to his staff. It happened that a "special" was needed for the German army before Strasburg, and I was at once selected for the post. The first paragraph of this article gives a summary of my instructions. I was to proceed to my duties immediately after providing myself with the necessary outfit. The editor, in wishing me "bon voyage," impressed upon me the necessity of keeping my connection with his paper a secret. "The Germans hate us like poison," he said, as I shook hands with him for the last time, "so pray be careful, my dear fellow; and, above all things, don't get shot."

So it came about that I found myself on board the *Baron Ozy* steamboat one rainy Sunday morning, bound for Antwerp *en route* for the seat of war. I will pass over the adventures of my journey in silence. It is now more than two years since they were published in the *London Mercury*, and I will hope that they were read as they appeared. It was rather a hard task sometimes to turn out the column of amusing chitchat demanded by the editor for his readers. I had been told off to furnish "light matter," to serve, I suppose, as a foil to the serious articles upon the many dreadful battles that made the year 1871 one of the darkest pages in the history of the world. Be that as it may, "comic copy" had to be concocted, and the necessary columns were forth-coming in spite of the pain the task caused me. For six weeks I did not see a fellow-countryman, and passed Christmas-day in a hospital full of fever-stricken soldiers. Ah! it was a dreadful time, and the "specials" suffered nearly as badly as the combatants. We carried our lives in our hands, and had to fear hostile bullets from "the enemy" and arrest from "our friends." I was several times seized upon as a spy—now in France as a German doctor: now in Germany as a French officer attempting to break his parole. But there, it is over now, and my adventures supply me with many a good joke with which to "set the table in a roar."

It matters little how I got into Strasburg. Were I writing the story of my life, I might occupy pages with an account of my experiences. I think I should head the chapter containing the narrative, "Breaking the Blockade," for that was the operation I performed; but, as I have a different story to tell, I content myself with the simple statement that I escaped from the clutches of the German sentries, that I passed the French outposts, and that I found myself in the city. People living in England a humdrum, uneventful life can scarcely realize the wretchedness of a beleaguered town. Public buildings bombarded, churches razed to the ground, hospitals in flames, and streets upon streets mere masses of ruins. The Germans, anxious to get to Paris, were becoming brutal. Their guns were laid at the poor quarters, in the hope of burning out the lower classes and causing a revolt. It was pitiful to see the crowd of starving people who bivouacked in the public places. Whole families lay together in heaps in the last stages of disease, in the last agonies of famine; the more wealthy inhabitants, abandoning the upper apartments of their houses, had taken refuge from the fast-falling shells in the cellars and kitchens. Terror and misery reigned supreme; as I looked around me I could not help exclaiming, "And this is war—glorious war!"

"Good-morning, Sir."

I was startled by a voice that seemed familiar to me, and yet I could not say where I had heard its tones before.

"You don't remember me! Ah, Sir, I have changed very much since we last met."

The speaker was a French workman, wearing the blouse of his class—a man with a young face lined and seared by sorrow and disease. He wore a mustache and beard, and had heavy, shaggy eyebrows. I looked at him fixedly, and yet could not bring to my recollection where I had seen him before.

"I had the honor of serving you, Sir, when I was in the employ of Mr. ——;" and he mentioned the name of a well-known London tradesman. Then it flashed upon me that I had known the man before me as a lad—a careless, merry lad. I suppose my face was a traitor to my thoughts.

"You find Paul Girard changed," he said, with a sorrowful smile. "It's only six years ago that I was in London, and yet I have lived a long, long life since then."

Certainly he was changed. I had known him a bright, joyous boy, and now he seemed to be a man old and gray before his time. As we spoke, a hissing shell fell near us. He seized me by the arm and pulled me behind a wall, just in time to escape the shower of iron that followed upon a loud explosion.

"Come with me," he said, and led the way down a narrow street in which appeared ugly gaps where houses had fallen in, or gardens had been covered with shattered masonry. Mechanically I obeyed him, and soon we approached some wooden planks let into the pavement. When we reached this spot he stooped down, and taking an iron ring between his hands, exerted all his strength to lift what I now found was a trap-door leading to a cellar. He was some little time about his work.

"See, Sir, how weak I am," he cried. "Ah! we have had a trying time since those pigs of Prussians surrounded us. At last!"

The door had yielded, and we then descended into a wretched room lighted by an oil-lamp which made but the darkness visible. A couple of chairs, a crucifix, the picture of a comely woman, a little straw, and that was all the place contained. I saw before me squalid poverty.

"I fear you must have suffered deeply."

"We have all suffered. But that is not all. Do you see that picture, Sir?"

"Yes."

"Look at it well," he cried, excitedly. "Say, is not the face fair enough? Can you read perfidy in those sweet blue eyes, cruelty in that gentle mouth? No, and yet I tell you that face has been a greater curse to me than the siege; that those eyes have reconciled me to death!"

"She is dead?"

"No; would that she had died before I learned that she was false! *Then* I could have prayed for her; but now!"

What could I do? The poor fellow was evidently killing himself by yielding to the fatal excitement that follows close upon a woman's deceit. I tried to comfort him, but my words faltered. I grew confused, and was silent.

"Ah, Sir, if you did but know my sufferings, you would pity me. She was my life, my hope, my idol; and she has gone. Shall I ever see her again? Great Heaven, what have I done that my punishment should be so heavy, and so hard to bear?"

And he threw himself upon the straw in an agony of grief. By-and-by he grew more calm.

"You remember me in London, Sir. I left suddenly, because I heard a rumor that she was false. I hurried away, came here, and found my suspicions well-founded. She was married!"

"But that was many years ago," I said.

"Yes; but those sort of wounds never heal. You may lose a leg or a hand, but when the heart is stabbed the blow is fatal."

I rose to depart. He seized my hand, and detained me.

"Do not leave me, Sir," he cried. "I am ill and lonely. I am afraid to be alone. When the house above us was cannonaded by those pigs, my poor sister died; and since her death I have seen no one here. I have crept out every other day to get some food—to receive my allowance."

"But were not men wanted to man the walls?"

"I understand what you mean, Sir," he replied, with a flushed cheek. "But see here. I am no coward; I am a Frenchman."

And then I noticed for the first time that Girard was wounded. What should I decide? I had made no friends in Strasburg. When men are starving and fighting for the lives of the dear ones at home—for wives and children, it is no time for idle companionship. Charity and inclination counseled me to stay with Girard, and I once more resumed my seat.

"Thanks, Sir," the man said, gratefully. "I can not tell you the comfort an English face brings to me. Remember, when I lived in that land of fogs of yours I almost became one of your compatriots."

"You are ill. Would not the Prussians allow you to go to Switzerland?"

"The Prussians! Ah! you can not know them. When their cannon had battered down our houses, and the city was the home of a pestilence, the good Swiss asked permission to entertain our women and children, and were refused. But a day will come for France; and then—vengeance!"

As I sat before him my eyes unconsciously became fixed upon the picture. He followed my glance, and became more and more excited.

"Ah, poor girl! poor girl! I can forgive her now. What are my sufferings compared to hers? You must know, Sir, that she is not in the city."

"Not in the city?" I exclaimed.

"No, her husband" (he hissed out the word), "he was once a friend of mine—a friend! He rented a small house outside the walls. At the first sortie he was struck down wounded. They took him to his home, and left him there; and she is with him."

"Have they any children?"

"Yes, two. Girls. Rose and Clotilde."

As he spoke there was a heavy thud, and then a loud explosion.

"Another shell!" he cried. "Curses upon the heartless wretches. Will they not let us die in peace?"

"Help!"

It was the sound of a girl's weak voice. He stood listening, and trembling in every limb.

"Help, M. Girard! for the sake of Heaven, help!"

Mounting the steps that led to the street, he pushed up the trap-door, and a poor little creature hurried into the cellar.

"Her child!" said Girard. "What is it, Rose?"

The poor little girl could scarcely speak for terror. She cowered down before him, and began to cry. I took her in my arms, and tried to comfort her.

"What is it, Rose?" repeated Girard, when the girl had grown more composed under the influence of my soothing words.

And then came a long, rambling story. The child had been sent by her mother to the city to carry a letter to Girard. The family were literally starving. The husband was dying of a dreadful disease, and the wife was waiting upon him. The only available messenger was the poor little trembling creature resting within my arms.

"Oh, M. Girard, do help us!" she cried. "We are so miserable. Clotilde is ill with fever, like papa. Do help us. Oh, do help us!"

She repeated the sentence a score of times; and then we learned how the child, under the darkness of night, had made her way into the city, regardless of shells and bullets from friends and foes.

"Read this," said Girard, and he handed to me a tear-stained letter.

> "You once loved me. We are in sore distress—so sore that I even write to you. Have pity upon us, for the sake of Heaven. Rose will tell you all. Save us.
>
> EUGÉNIE."

That was all.

"What shall I do?"

"Do, Girard?" I replied. "Why, behave like a man—a Christian."

I held out my hand; he took it within his own, and pressed it. Then he brushed away the tears that had gathered in his eyes, and said:

"I understand you, Sir. I will go to them this minute."

"And I will accompany you."

It was now his turn to seek for my hand. The compact was ratified without a word on either side: two men had determined to risk their lives for the sake of a woman. We told the child to follow us, put on thick overcoats, and sallied forth. My purse soon supplied the neces-